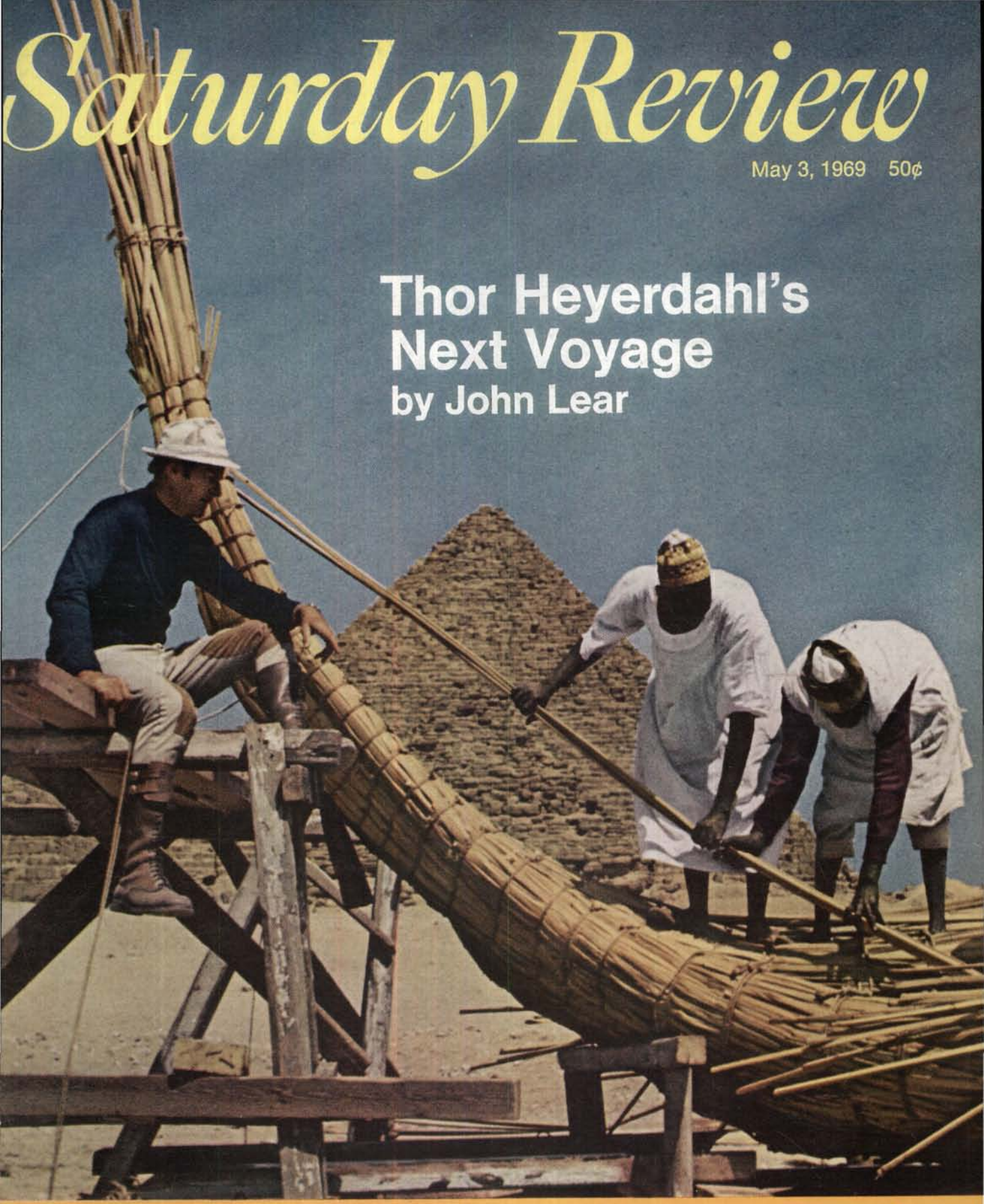
Saturday Review

May 3, 1969 50¢



Thor Heyerdahl's Next Voyage

by John Lear

THE LIMITS AND EXCESSES OF PRESIDENTIAL POWER

by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

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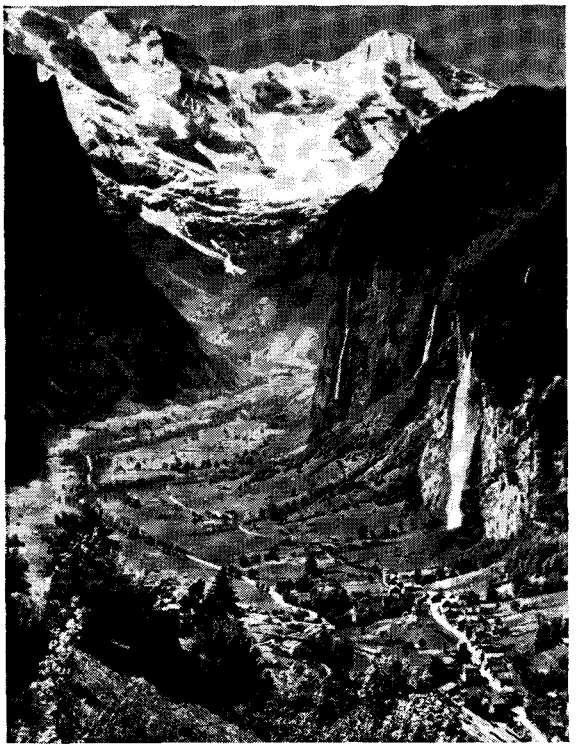

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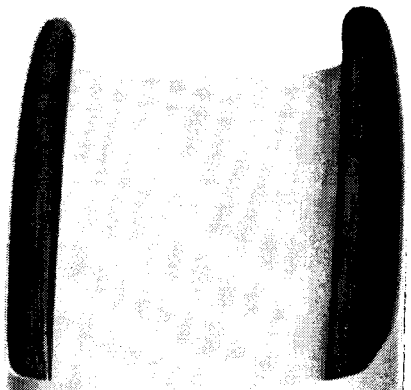

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Saturday Review

May 3, 1969

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Did ancient Egyptians cross the Atlantic ages before Columbus? An inquisitive Norwegian is risking his life to find out.

Photo by Osman Mahoud Osman (UPI).

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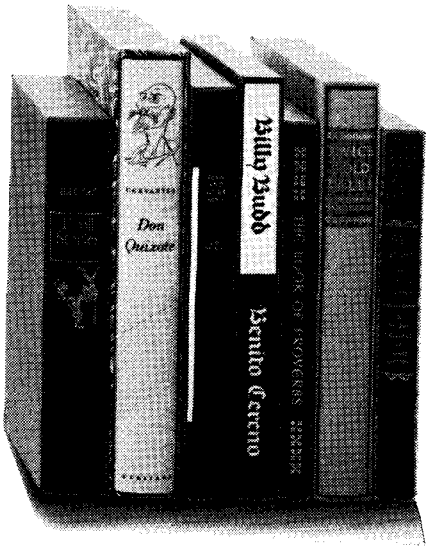

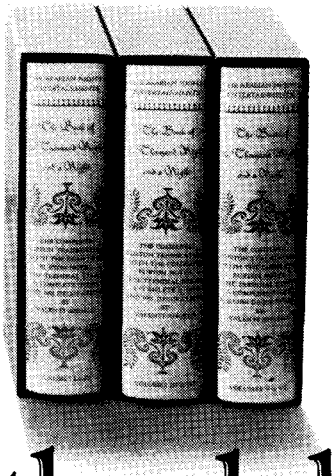

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We commissioned the famous Valenti Angelo to embellish our unexpurgated edition with 1,001 drawings and decorations that capture the spirit of the stories. (Other Heritage Club books have been illustrated by Picasso, Ayrton, Artzybasheff.)

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The Heritage Club

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First of the Month

Cleveland Amory

April was the month of the ABM and President Nixon, of the SDS and President Pusey, of CBS and the Smothers Brothers, of the FCC and John Pastore. It was also the month, however, of Clifford Alexander and Cliff Robertson, of DeBakey-Cooley and Streisand-Hepburn.

As befitting tax month, there was a host of taxing stories. The host of the month, however, was Dr. Jules Stein of MCA, Universal Pictures, and the Sheraton Universal Hotel, who, with his wife Doris, flew some 600 Beautiful People free, from Paris, Texas, and New York, from East Palm Beach and West Germany, all the way to Hollywood for four days of on-the-cuff partying, all for the benefit of charity, or rather *Sweet Charity*, since a movie of that name, which also happens to be owned by Universal, also happened to be opening that weekend in Hollywood, and did, in fact, open to something less than universal praise.

In any event, it was the biggest such event since the sinking of the *Titanic*. *The New York Times* gave it a whole page of unction in one section, and then, on the editorial page, called it "Grossness in Los Angeles" and demanded to know why it was tax deductible. Apparently what the social side of the *Times* decides is fit to print sometimes makes the editorial side fit to be tied.

One thing is certain. An awful lot of the Beautiful People are, if not beautiful, involved in the beauty business—a large per cent of them being fashion designers, dress designers, jewelry designers, or just plain designers. Also, to say a large per cent of them has an angle is an understatement. Most of them have two angles plus at least a working triangle. Beauty, we're told, is in the eyes of the beholder. In the case of the BP, it's apparently also in the eyes of the people they're beholden to.

Observing the BP firsthand, for four days, however, is fun—because if there's one thing the BP are terrific at, it's being observed. At Disneyland, for example, we saw dozens of them having a wonderful time just standing and being looked at, and, in the paddock of Santa Anita, we could have sworn we saw, peering at one clotheshorse, a real horse.

In the pressroom set up at the hotel, complete with scrapbooks of the latest pictures taken, we never did see any press, but the BP were in there at all hours, poring over pictures of themselves with magnifying glasses. And, coming out of the *Sweet Charity* premiere, we had a truly unnerving experience.

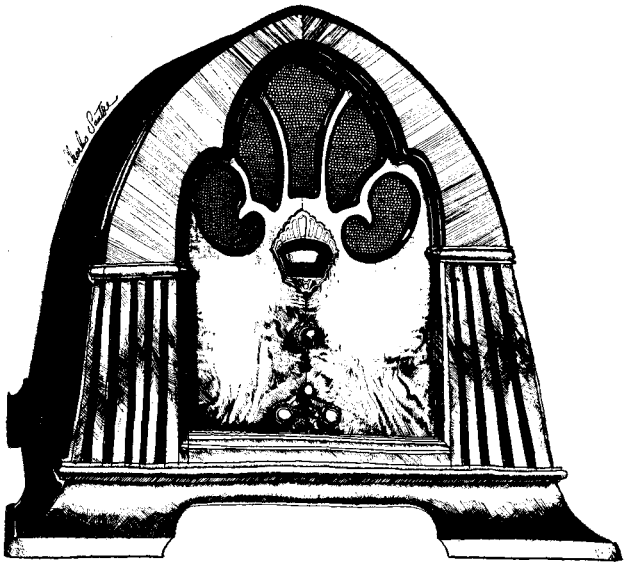
How, we asked one of them, did you like the picture? "You know," she told us excitedly, "I haven't seen it yet. Everybody's told me about it, but I haven't been able to get it. What paper was it in?"

Another taxing story of the month was that two Michigan state legislators, the Representatives Harold B. Clark and George Montgomery, introduced a bill that would tax television commercials whenever they are repeated. The tax would start at the rate of .0005 of a cent. All right, so it isn't much—the point is, it's a start. Remember that song from *Pajama Game*? "Seven-and-a-half cents isn't such a helluva lot/but give it to me every hour, every hour, every day . . ."? Well again, the point is you get it over and over, repeated—in fact the Michigan bill proposes that the .0005 of a cent be, with every repetition, *doubled*.

When we were a small boy, our father bet us our allowance that we couldn't put a penny in a box and double it every day for a month. We're still pretty bitter about it. Anyway, if this bill goes through, Michigan has just got to become as rich as Elizabeth Taylor, Jacqueline Onassis, and Saudi Arabia combined. There are some commercials, we promise you, we have seen by our figuring more times than there are times. Take that one, "More Parks sausages, Mom." Well, if you've heard it recently, before turning it off or damaging the set, you know that the little monster now says "please" after "More Parks sausages, Mom." You may wonder why he does that. The reason is simple. Because that Michigan bill states that the doubling penalty for being repeated shall, and we quote, "be continued with every repetition unless 15 per cent of the message be changed."

Figure it out for yourself. Add "please" to "More Parks sausages, Mom" and you've changed it *20 per cent*. You're home, tax-free.

In our column about Israel last month we did not have the space to tell you about our visit to the home of Israel's leading satirist, Ephraim Kishon. Mr.



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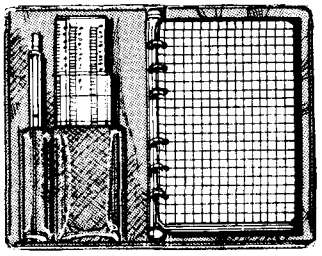

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Kishon, however, denied he was a satirist. "I'm just a humorous writer," he told us. "My experience has led me to believe that a humorous writer is not called a satirist until after he is dead. You just have to wait."

Born in Budapest, Mr. Kishon escaped from both a German concentration camp and a Russian one. "But I am no hero," he told us quickly. "I was shaking all the time. Also, I was lucky. I was able to exploit my non-Jewish appearance."

"I am a Jew," he told us, "because everyone says I am a Jew. But the greatest achievement of this country has been to get rid of the Jewish complex—or, for that matter, the Jewish intellectual prototype."

Mr. Kishon is forty-eight, and we asked him if he had been in the Israeli Army. "Not," he said, "since Thursday." He also explained that one-day call-ups were not unusual and that every Israeli serves until he is fifty. Our next question was if, frankly, he hated the Arabs. "No," he said, "I don't hate them. I just don't appreciate them. I don't mind so much their wanting to push me into the sea, but I resent very much their wanting to push my children in, too."

Mr. Kishon, whose latest book is *Unfair to Goliath*, takes a dim view of the current Arab propaganda line that they want peace and the Israelis don't, when, as almost everyone but the U.S. Government seems to realize, the Arabs won't even recognize the existence of the state with which they're presumed to want peace. In one of Mr. Kishon's earlier books, *So Sorry We Won*, he wrote an open letter to the Pope himself on the subject of recognition. It is titled, "To His Holiness, Greetings," and reads in part:

> Besides the Arab League there is only one institution in the world for whom the State of Israel doesn't exist: The Vatican. The Kingdom of Jordan is recognized by the Holy See as a most sovereign State, but Israel is something quite abstract, a press canard, a leaf in the wind, a fatal mistake. Why? Some puzzles simply have no solution.
>
> To be sure, we can follow the Holy See's line of thought. Every nation has a well-defined historical mission. The task of the Jewish nation, for instance, is to wander from country to country, oppressed and persecuted, to engage in commerce and money-lending, to pay tribute to every tyrant, to be massacred in their thousands by the noble crusading knights.
>
> These are proper Jews. But jet fighter pilots? Governors of the West Bank? No, that's too terrible for words. That's criminal trespass. That's global *chutzpah*! The people living in this part of the Orient (Israel) have completely deviated from its historic role.
>
> It should indeed be warned, Your Holiness.

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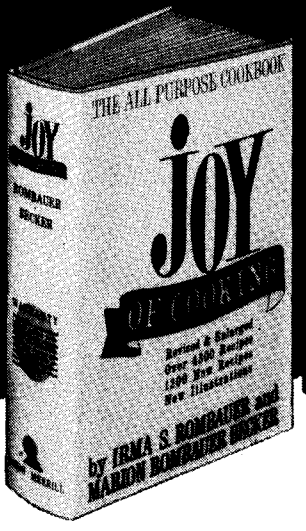

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l'Excursion au vieux quartier

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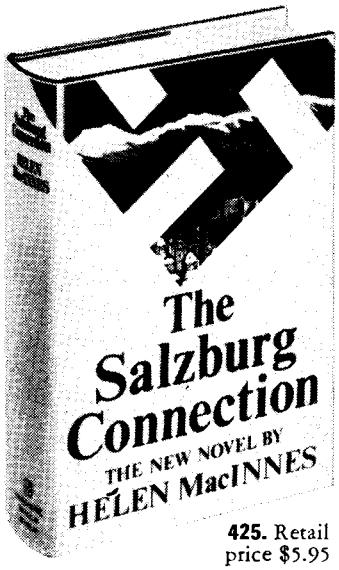

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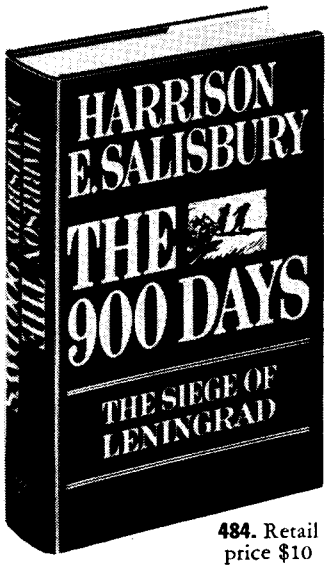

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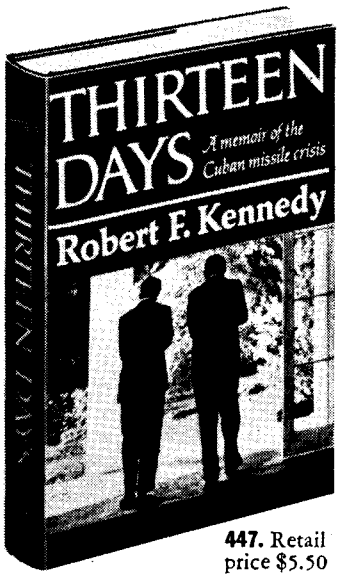

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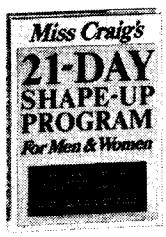

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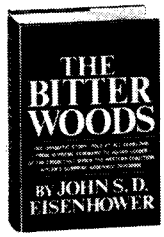

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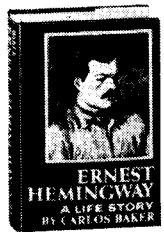

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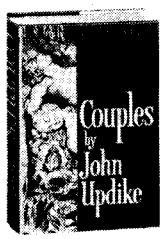

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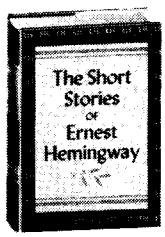

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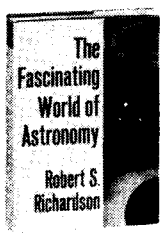

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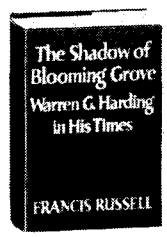

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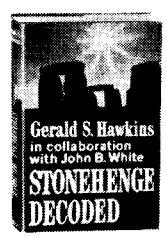

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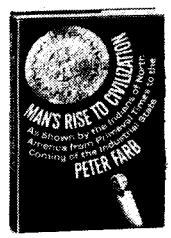

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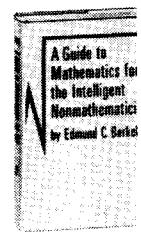

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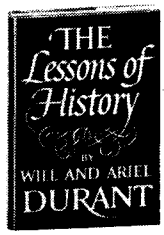

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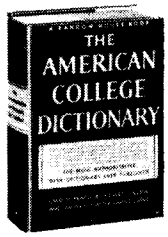

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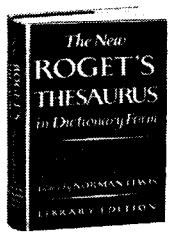

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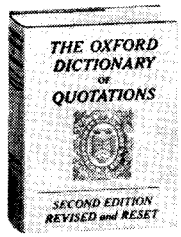

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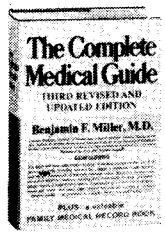

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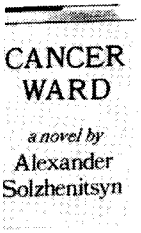

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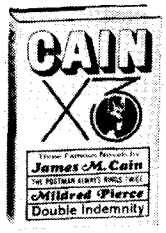

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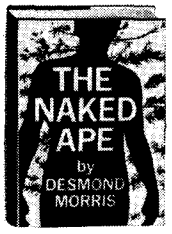

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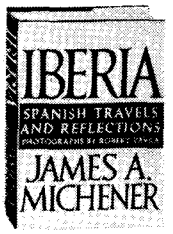

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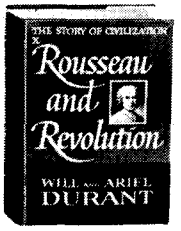

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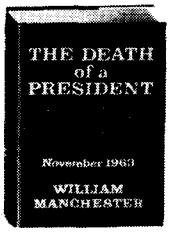

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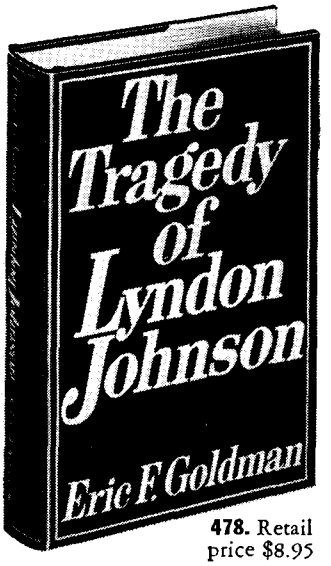

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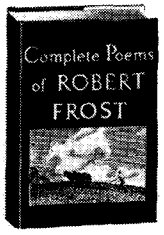

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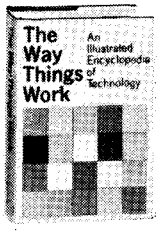

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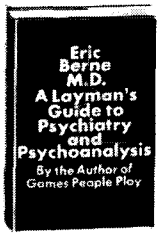

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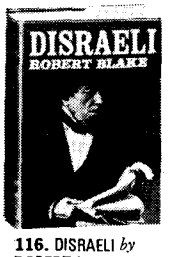

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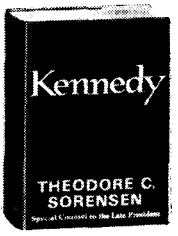

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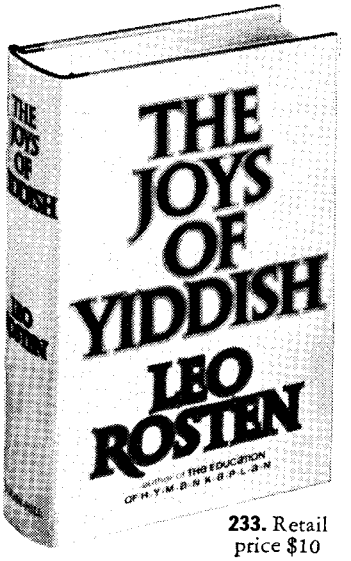

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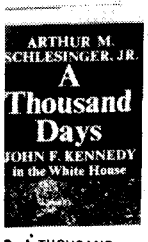

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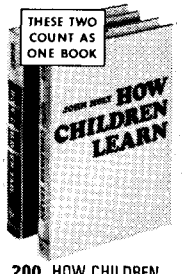

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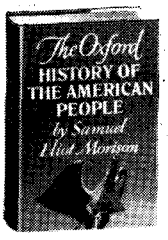

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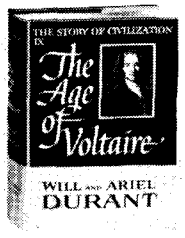

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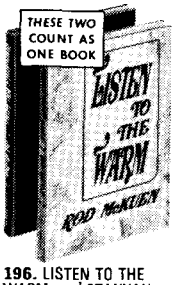

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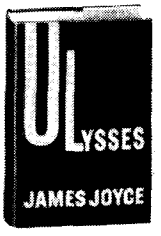

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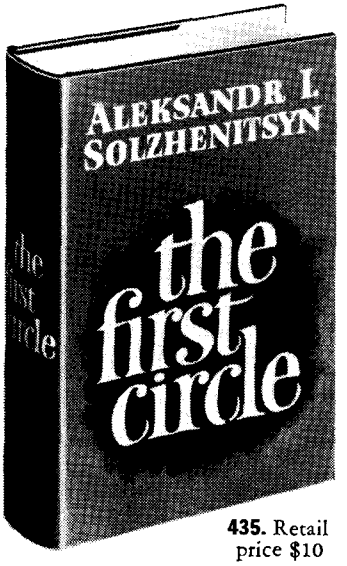

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Burning Questions

WHEN SUPREME COURT Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes blithely decreed that free speech does not give a citizen the right to stand up in a crowded theater and holler "Fire," he left several questions unanswered.

Of course, the crowded theater he was talking about was not really on fire. So one wonders:

1) Can you stand up and holler "Fire" if the crowded theater is burning?

2) Is it permissible, fire or no, if the theater is only half crowded?

3) If it is, should you stand up and say quietly "I smell smoke," or more affably, "Does anyone here smell smoke?"

4) Should you whisper to the person next to you, "I don't want to say anything, but don't look now and don't seem startled, but this theater is on fire and we better get the hell out of here"?

5) And now, since the Supreme Court has ruled that it is depriving students of their rights of free speech to forbid their wearing black armbands to protest the Vietnam war, are ushers permitted to walk quietly up and down the aisle of a burning crowded theater wearing armbands that read FIRE, as long as they don't interfere with those in the audience who want to enjoy a play in a crowded theater that is on fire?

At first glance these questions may seem irrelevant, but they pertain more now than they would have in the less hectic days of Justice Holmes (1841-1935). With the crowded world aflame, people these days are standing up everywhere and hollering "Fire," among other organized chants, and pointing to the Supreme Court as their champion of the right to free speech.

It is not beyond belief that if some of these free speakers were in a crowded theater when a fire broke out, they would holler "Firemen, go home."

All this occurred to me when, some weeks ago, I attended a matinee of David Merrick's hit play *Promises, Promises*, which in my book has the best book (Neil Simon) of any Broadway musical in many years.

The play was to begin at 2:30. It was about five or ten minutes after that hour when a gentleman stepped on stage in front of the curtain and made a brief, softly spoken announcement. He said, in substance, that some technicality had developed that would require, I dimly gathered, a rearranging of scenery, or perhaps the curtain had become entangled and wouldn't go up, or something. He was rather vague about it. But pleasingly vague.

In any event, he said it would be necessary for the capacity audience to retire from the theater and stand in Shubert Alley for about fifteen minutes until the difficulty could be cleared up. When he had finished, there was a general turning, each to his companion, and asking, "What did he say?" "I don't know, but he said we'd have to stand in front of the theater."

Of course, no one in the audience believed a word the man had said, but we filed out quietly and slowly, and there we all were, standing under the canopy of the theater trying to duck a chilly drizzle. I would guess there were about 1,500 of us.

It was too crowded to mill about, so people huddled. And soon the rumor spread that it was doubtlessly a bomb scare. Someone had seen a fireman, who was on duty at the theater, go inside when the last patron was out.

Nobody panicked. Bombs are seen going off every night in the war news on TV. But that was Vietnam; this was Shubert Alley. We felt sure the management would discover it was a hoax. Or if it wasn't, well, what do you do? You put the bomb in a bucket of water, and on with the play.

As time dragged on, the crowd began looking at its collective wrist watch and wondering how much longer. There was some restlessness, but not one cry of "Bomb scare," or even "Establishment, go home." Justice Holmes would have been proud of us.

After twenty minutes, the doors were opened and we all went back to our seats. There was no further explanation by the management. The show must, and did, go on. (It was not until the next day that a newspaper columnist suggested it had indeed been a bomb scare.)

During the overture, I wondered why anyone would want to throw a bomb at David Merrick. Unless it was because he has had so few. Or unless some fiery dissident who knew it was illegal to shout "Fire" in a crowded theater, planted a bomb, having become irrationally and mistakenly moved by the title:

"Promises, promises. That's all we've been getting for over a hundred years."

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Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Well, it happens to the best of us in these parlous times. Dell Publishing received this signed communication from a lady customer in Michigan: "Dear Sir: I heard your ad on the radio. I have been interrupted at this point in writing this card. I forgot what I was supposed to ask for. It completely slipped my mind. You will know what you are advertising. I will be looking forward to hearing from you."

Some graduate flower children friends of hers got married and took an apartment in New York's West 70s, Amy Vanderbilt tells me. Shortly after moving in, they noticed a rat scurrying across the kitchen floor. True to their upbringing, instead of using poison or a trap the young couple put out a small dish of food. The next morning the food was gone. They kept this up for quite some time.

One night they arrived home late and somehow forgot about the rat, who in the meantime had become quite tame, frequently appearing for his dinner while the kitchen lights were still on.

They turned in, but were awakened later by loud squeaks at their bedside. They switched on the light and there was their pet, squeaking for his dinner. The bride arose, filled the dish, and went back to bed. Now they are preparing to move, and their worry is that the new tenants will not feed the rat.

Although the Pentagon doesn't have to look for bargains and for ways to cut costs, the rest of us do these days. In *Champagne Living on a Beer Budget* (G. P. Putnam), Mike and Marilyn Ferguson have revealed the results of some utterly amazing nationwide legwork on how to get your money's worth. They have covered everything you could think of, from how to save on drugs to why you should shop Monday morning at a supermarket, and how to buy a new car at discount. They found that the same airline has six different rates for the same trip in the same plane (Houston-New York), varying almost $100 from the highest to lowest. Buy term life insurance; build a swimming pool out of season; get one 100-watt bulb—it gives more light than two 50s; prepare your own income tax return, for good and sufficient reasons; buy surplus personal property from Uncle Sam—books, maps, brushes and paints, motorcycles, hand tools, musical instruments, etc.; read the consumer magazines. Mike Ferguson is a newspaperman, and his wife writes, too. Their book is fun to read and helps give us downtrodden consumers a fighting chance.

Another approach is that in John W. King's *Save Money and Grow Rich* (Lyle Stuart). I quoted King a few weeks ago to the effect that a pack of cigarettes a day costs a person $52,986.30 in fifty years. I forgot to point out that the figure includes interest lost on the cash spent. King is a great one for interest. He points out that a family can save $75 a year by substituting a walk for a daily coffee break. Another thrifty trick is to unwrap a cake of soap and let it dry a few weeks before using it; it will last longer. As for white picket fences, King warns, "they are a snare and a delusion" and explains why. There are a few other items he's not too sure about, such as dandruff removers and snow throwers. However, I was relieved to note that he recommends taking advantage of the savings offered by three-year magazine subscriptions. Whew! One has to have something to keep one busy, tobaccoless and cigarette-less, while waiting for one's soap to dry out, for one's scalp to clear up, and for the snow on one's driveway to melt.

A miracle almost happened to me the other day. I received a copy of *Walden*, opened it, and was reading it without my glasses! Had my eyeballs somehow snapped back into their youthful shape, correcting my defect? This pleasant thought occurred to me for a moment, but then I realized that I had in hand one of the first new books to be published in Ultratype by Keith Jennison and Franklin Watts, Inc. Jennison has already earned accolades for his Large Type books for the visually handicapped; they are in 18-point size. Now, he has inaugurated a series of classics for folks who have trouble (even with glasses) with the tiny type faces that publishers seem to use to cram books into less expensive editions. That may include TV-oriented children in schools or adults who simply want to have that delightful feeling that comes when scanning printed lines comfortably.

The Ultratype editions are in 14-point (what you are reading is in 9-point). In the works are fifty titles, mostly aimed at the school curriculum in English literature, starting with *Huckleberry Finn*, *Jane Eyre*, *Gulliver's Travels*, and others. I told Keith Jennison that if he would print my telephone directory in Ultratype, I'd call him up and thank him.

Sharps and Flats: Nancy Gruber told me she read the following declaration by a well known politician: "The budget should be balanced, the Treasury should be refilled, the public debt should be reduced, the arrogance of officialdom should be tempered and controlled. Assistance to foreign lands should be curtailed lest we become bankrupt. The mob should be forced to work and not depend on government for subsistence." The politician was Cicero, and he was apparently attempting to keep Rome from falling. Hmm.

► May 5, from 3:15 to 4:15 p.m., has been officially designated Press Agents *Shining Hour* by some members of that profession. Led by Milton Riback of New York, they will be calling attention to "the contribution of publicists to American life through their promotion of special events." One of their contributions is, of course, to see to it that paragraphs such as this one get into print.

► I understand the Swedes are making a sex film for the older generation. It's called *I Was Curious*.

► The Sydney *Herald*'s U.N. correspondent Maurice Adams, was amused by this sign at the Long Beach, California, bus terminal bookstore: BOOKS ARE FOR SALE. PLEASE DO NOT READ.

► Lorene Stollenwerk's seventh-graders in Waukegan dreamed up this one: Show me a quadruped with broken legs, and I'll show you a forecast.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1829)

DAMON RUNYON:
LILY OF ST. PIERRE

I am the one who holds these last words such as love, and baby, and you can hear my fine baritone very far indeed, especially when I give a little extra roll like bay-hay-ay-ay BEE! Then when Good Time Charley comes in with his old bum-bum, it is worth going a long way to hear.

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But we haven't forgotten our main job—helping you find financial security for your family with Equitable Living Insurance. Equitable agents are trained to make sure you get a plan that meets your changing needs—to help send your children to college, take care of you in case you're sick, provide for you when you retire. In this troubled world, that's how **Equitable offers a corner of security.**

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This month, we'll also bring you war, inflation, crime and poverty.

Television will always show its share of boy-meets-girl-and-they-live-happily-ever-after. That's part of the American dream.

But the war in Vietnam, the rebellion on our campuses and the poverty in our ghettoes are part of the American reality.

As members of a free press, it's our responsibility to tell you about them. To present different views of them. To explore possible solutions.

So you have a clearer perspective to form your own opinions.

Perhaps if we showed more love and less war and said little about either, we'd make life seem sweeter. But we wouldn't be doing our job.

The very first amendment to the Constitution not only gives us the right to speak out on these matters. It protects *your* right to hear about them.

As you can see from the partial listing of this month's TV offerings, we have plenty to take your mind off the problems of the world.

But you can be sure you'll also be seeing plenty of programs to help you understand these problems.

At least until we can kiss them goodbye.

Jack Paar in Africa. Off-the-beaten-track view of Africa. Thursday, May 1 (10-11 pm).

Victoria Regina. Hallmark Hall of Fame—With Julie Harris in title role, James Donald as Prince Albert. Friday, May 2 (8:30-10 pm).

Discovery. Pirates and Sunken Treasure; The Threatened Species; The Grand Canyon; Puerto Rico. Sundays, May 4, 11, 18, 25 (11:30-12 Noon).

The 21st Century. Weird World of Robots; Can We Control Weather?; The Food Revolution; An Incredible Voyage. Sundays, May 4, 11, 18, 25 (6-6:30 pm).

The Best on Record: Grammy Awards Show. Annual awards of recording industry, with The Beatles, Simon and Garfunkel, Glen Campbell, others. Monday, May 5 (8-9 pm).

Who, What, When, Where, Why. CBS News Special—The First 100 Days of Richard Nixon. Tuesday, May 6 (10-10:30 pm).

Shadow Game. CBS Playhouse—Original drama about people trapped in an office during a blackout. Wednesday, May 7 (9:30-11 pm).

Kitty Hawk to Paris: The Heroic Years. Saga of pioneers who created the early era of flight. Thursday, May 8 (9-10 pm).

Riddle of the Mayan Caves. ABC News Special—Exploration of ancient caves in the Guatamalan highlands. Friday, May 9 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Rod McKuen: The Loner. The versatile poet and writer of 900 songs performs in a one-man show. Saturday, May 10 (8:30-9:00 pm).

Mirror of America. Project 20—Washington, D. C. reflects stirring moments in American history. Sunday, May 11 (10-11 pm).

Comrade Soldier. Study of training, equipment, indoctrination of Soviet army filmed during two months in the USSR and released without censorship. Friday, May 16 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Pogo's Special Holiday Special. The Walt Kelly cartoon characters campaign for more holidays. Sunday, May 18 (8:30-9:00 pm).

Generations Apart. CBS News Special—First and second of a three-part series. A Question of Values; The Youth International. Tuesdays, May 20, 27 (10-11 pm).

New York Philharmonic Young Peoples Concert with Leonard Bernstein. Berlioz Takes a Trip. Sunday, May 25 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Little Women. NBC Children's Theatre—Original ballet choreographed by Christine Neubert. Geraldine Page, narrator. Sunday, May 25 (6:30-7:30 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs Monday through Friday: The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: First Tuesday (appearing first Tuesday of each month)/CBS News Hour

Saturdays: The Banana Splits Adventure Hour/Storybook Squares/Untamed World/ABC's Wide World of Sports

Sundays: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Directions/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/Guideline/Frank McGee Sunday Report/G-E College Bowl/The 21st Century/Wild Kingdom/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color.

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings: check also for noteworthy local programs.

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Saturday Review
May 3, 1969

The Limits and Excesses of Presidential Power

If a President is "notably weaker in dealing with internal than with international problems . . . the next question is whether it is possible to think up devices that would strengthen his hand in domestic matters and restrain his hand in foreign matters."

By ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

THE Presidency of Lyndon B. Johnson had its impact, of course, on the nation and on the world. It has also had a marked impact on thinking about the American Presidency itself. For it compelled American historians and political scientists to begin to question their traditional and rather uncritical acceptance of the virtues of a strong Presidency. After all, so far as the theory of presidential power is concerned, Lyndon Johnson's leadership in connection with the war in Vietnam was an exemplary case of presidential activism. It represented a splendid rejection of the theory that the Presidency was an office of limited and enumerated powers—the Whig theory of the Presidency or, as Theodore Roosevelt liked to call it, the Buchanan-Taft theory. It represented a bold use of the spacious powers that strong Presidents such as TR, Woodrow Wilson, and Franklin Roosevelt had perceived in the Presidency and added to it.

Yet, many historians and political scientists—this writer included—who had previously been what Professor Edward S. Corwin had presciently termed in 1951 "high-flying prerogative men," found themselves deeply troubled fifteen years later by the way in which President Johnson was applying the thesis of a strong Presidency to Vietnam. Invoking honored doctrine, he sent half a million American fighting men halfway around the world to enter a war that seemed to bear no overpowering relation to the vital interests of the United States. Moreover, he did so without giving either Congress or the electorate any clear sense that they had been consulted about the decisions which had deepened the commitment and escalated the war. (To do President Johnson justice, probably a majority of both were in favor of escalation until 1968. To do Congress and the electorate justice, they might not have been had they received an accurate picture of what was going on in Vietnam.)

Moreover, the executive appeared to be swallowing up vital powers of decision as a matter not only of practice but of principle. When a former Attorney General, later an Under Secretary of State, told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that the declaration of war, expressly reserved in the Constitution for Congress, had become "outmoded in the international arena," and that the SEATO agreement and the Gulf of Tonkin resolution were together the "functional equivalent" of a declaration of war, the Committee formally concluded that "the intent of the framers of the Constitution with respect to the exercise of the war power has been virtually nullified." President Johnson himself carried the supposed usurpation even further when he said at Omaha on June 30, 1966, "There are many, many who can recommend, advise, and sometimes a few of them consent. But there is only one that has been chosen by the American people to decide." Everett M. Dirksen added a senatorial—and Republican—blessing: "It is a rather interesting thing," he told the Senate on October 3, 1967, "I have run down many legal cases before the Supreme Court, [and] I have found as yet no delimitation on the powers of the Commander in Chief under the Constitution."

The Vietnam experience thus provided an unexpected demonstration that a strong Presidency might have its drawbacks. It consequently forced scholars to face a disturbing question: Had they promoted the cult of the strong Presidency simply because, up to 1965, strong Presidents had mostly been doing things which historians and political scientists had mostly wanted done? The spectacle of a strong President doing things they mostly did not want done suddenly stimulated many of us to take a fresh look at the old problem of presidential power.

Then Senator Eugene McCarthy in the 1968 campaign gave powerful expression to this rising doubt about the virtues of a strong Presidency. "The New Politics," he said, "requires a different conception of the Presidency." He declared his opposition to "the sort of presidential power which extends itself in a

This article is a preview of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s forthcoming book, *The Crisis of Confidence: Ideas, Power and Violence in America*, to be published this month by Houghton Mifflin Company. Copyright © 1969 by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.

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personal way into every institution of government." He asked: "Has the integrity of Congress, of the Cabinet, and of the military been impinged upon by undue extension of the executive power?" The powers of the Presidency, he argued, should be decentralized. As against the idea of a strong Presidency on the Jackson-FDR model, Senator McCarthy offered instead a revival of the Whig theory of a passive Presidency, though he proposed to adapt this theory to progressive purposes. "This is a good country," he once said, "if the President will just let it be." The next President, he said, "should understand that this country does not so much need leadership. . . . He must be prepared to be a kind of channel." The President's duty is to "liberate individuals so that they may determine their own lives." In a variety of ways McCarthy made clear his fear of strong presidential leadership and his faith in greater independence among the units of the national government and greater initiative in the localities. He was the first liberal this century to run *against* the Presidency.

This was one of his major differences with Robert F. Kennedy. Kennedy retained the more traditional liberal belief in a strong Presidency. He saw affirmative presidential leadership as an indispensable means of welding disparate groups together into a common cause. He knew that Franklin Roosevelt, for example, had forged his coalition and held it together through precisely the sort of presidential leadership McCarthy condemned. Roosevelt had been able to persuade the working classes of the Thirties to go along with him on issues outside their daily concern—such as foreign policy, civil liberties, and equal rights—not because they had more enlightened views on such issues than their counterparts have today, but because they had a confidence in Roosevelt founded in his leadership on the issues that *were* part of their daily concern and because, for this and other reasons, they trusted and loved him. I think that Kennedy supposed that today's white, low-income groups were similarly composed of decent, if confused, people, and that they could be similarly reclaimed for political rationality.

Kennedy saw a strong Presidency as essential not just to unite the country but to enable the country to meet its problems. Certainly President Johnson had abused his power in foreign affairs. But a general cutback in presidential power, Kennedy feared, would only increase the nation's impotence in the face of deep and angry national division. He believed that as a country we were heading into perilous times, that the ties which had precariously bound Americans together were under almost intolerable strain, and that reducing presidential authority could be a disastrous error when only a strong President could rally us to meet our most difficult and urgent internal issue: racial justice. The President, in Kennedy's view, had to be the active protector of the alienated groups, the tribune of the disinherited and the dispossessed; he had to be the active champion both of racial justice and of civil peace (and he could only be the second if he had demonstrated that he was the first); and, if any President renounced these obligations, the country might well break up.

McCarthy and Kennedy thus might agree that the Vietnam war revealed a dangerous concentration of power over war and peace in the hands of the man in the White House. But they disagreed in the conclusions they drew from this situation. McCarthy concluded that the situation demanded a general limitation of the Presidency, with all functions questioned and all powers reduced. Kennedy advocated a selective approach to the question of presidential power. He feared that if the American people recoiled indiscriminately against abuses of presidential authority in foreign affairs, they ran the risk of inviting a new period of weak Presidents—as in the dreary years from Taylor through Buchanan—at a time when only a strong President could serve as the center of action and purpose to hold the country together.

The problem of the future of the Presidency therefore resolves itself, in one of its aspects, into the question whether, if presidential power is excessive, it is unitary and must be diminished across the board, or whether presidential powers are separable—whether the President has too much power in foreign policy but conceivably not enough in domestic policy.

THE argument is persuasive, it seems to me, that the problem of the American Presidency in domestic affairs is not that he has too much power but that he has too little. He does not have in internal matters, for example, the same constitutional authority he has in foreign policy. The Supreme Court in the Curtiss-Wright case spoke of "the very delicate, plenary, and exclusive power of the President as the sole organ of the federal government in the field of international relations," adding that this power is "in origin and essential character different from that over internal affairs." Nor can a President in domestic affairs so easily shield and enhance his authority by wrapping the flag around himself, invoking patriotism, and national unity, and claiming life-and-death crisis.

He is therefore much more at the mercy of Congress. From 1938 to 1968 a series of strong Democratic Presidents sought congressional approval for social programs which, had they been enacted, might have greatly alleviated some of the tensions presently convulsing our national community. But in these thirty years a coalition, predominantly rural, of Republicans and Southern Democrats in the House of Representatives blocked or whittled down most of the presidential proposals—except for a period of two years, 1965-67, when, as a result of the Goldwater fiasco, enough Northern Democrats were elected to create a short-lived but effective liberal majority in the House. Where a parliamentary Prime Minister can be reasonably sure that anything he suggests will become law in short order, the President of the United States cannot even be sure that *his* pro-

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posals will get to the floor of Congress for debate and vote. And no executive in any other democratic state has so little control over national economic policy as the American President.

In recent years, a second factor has arisen to limit presidential power: the growth of the executive bureaucracy. The expansion of governmental functions under the New Deal produced the modern bureaucracy—a development which the conservatives of the time, with their customary wisdom, regarded with consternation. The New Deal bureaucrats, in the demonology of the right, were the forerunners of radical revolution. Of course, as any sensible person should have expected, the Government bureaucracy has turned out to be a conservatizing rather than a liberalizing force, at least against innovating Presidents. Its basic loyalty is to the established way of doing things, and, with age and size, it has acquired an independence which enables it to ignore or circumvent presidential initiative.

The rise of the modern bureaucracy has divided the executive branch between the presidential government and the permanent government. In this complex relationship, the presidential government has preferences and policies backed by a presumed mandate from the electorate. But the permanent government has preferences and policies of its own. It has vested interests of its own in programs; it has alliances of its own with congressional committees, lobbies, and the press; it has its own particular, and not seldom powerful, constituencies. Also, it is around longer. We now have, in consequence, four branches of government. An activist President may have quite as much trouble with the federal bureaucracy as with the legislative or judicial branches.

A THIRD limitation on the Presidency in domestic affairs is the fact that nearly every President, who has enlarged the power of the White House, has provoked a reaction toward a more restricted idea of the Presidency, even if the reaction never quite cuts presidential power back to its earlier level. Thus Jackson and Polk were followed by a parade of weak Presidents. When Lincoln expanded presidential power, Congress took out its frustrations by impeaching his successor and establishing a generation of congressional government. Theodore Roosevelt begot Taft; Wilson begot Harding; Franklin Roosevelt and Truman begot Eisenhower. FDR, in addition, was posthumously punished by the Twenty-second Amendment for the offense of having been elected President four times.

All these considerations make the President notably weaker in dealing with internal than with international problems. If this is so, the next question is whether it is possible to think up devices that would strengthen his hand in domestic matters and restrain his hand in foreign matters.

"I know you're feeling lousy Mrs. Snelgrove, but the computer says you don't warrant a house call."

A number of such devices have been proposed. There would seem no convincing reason why, for example, the President and the congressional leadership should not agree that all significant presidential proposals would go to the floor for debate and vote. This would not be a guarantee of enactment, but it would be a guarantee that proposals deemed vital to the nation by the President could no longer be filed away in committee and denied consideration by the whole. Such an arrangement, incidentally, would spare the Senate the perennial row over Rule XXII [cloture]. Similarly, there would seem to be no convincing reason why the President should not have the right of item veto; even the Confederate Constitution gave Jefferson Davis authority to "approve any appropriation and disapprove any other appropriation in the same bill." There would seem to be no reason why the President should not have the authority to adjust tax rates within a specified range in order to deal with economic fluctuations, or that he should not have greater discretion in reorganizing the executive branch or in moving funds from one program to another.

Congress resists such proposals out of conditioned institutional reflexes. It has the visceral fear that structural reform will transfer further power to the executive. Yet, the era of what Wilson called "congressional government" did not fade away at the end of the nineteenth century because of structural reform. It faded away for the simple reason that through so much of the twentieth century, Presidents have seemed right and Congress wrong on issues. The people, anxious to have necessary things done, welcomed Presidents who saw the necessity of doing these things—even if the Roosevelts and Wilson thereby increased the power of the Presidency at the expense of the power of Congress. So long as Congress falls behind Presidents in the perception of the needs of the nation, so long it may expect to lose ground in the war of attrition. And the only way that Congress will reclaim lost powers is by being right on issues when the executive is wrong—as the Senate Foreign Relations Committee proved in the case of Vietnam.

The best hope for Congress lies, not in withholding from the President powers which would benefit the nation, but in modernizing itself and thereby enabling it to compete with the Presidency on judgments of policy. The place to begin, of course, would be the seniority system. Contrary to congressional impression, this system was not handed down at Mount Sinai. Many state legislatures get along very well indeed without it. Its effect in Washington is to give disproportionate influence to men born in another century and shaped by small town or rural experience—hardly men qualified to deal with the problems of young people or of black people in an urban and industrial society.

Structural revisions of this sort would help both the President and the Congress to deal more intelligently with the accumulating troubles of our national community. Are there countervailing

(*Continued on page* 61)

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Report on ABC

SR's program to bring medical aid and food direct to the children of Biafra has been in operation for almost two months. Both Dr. Fergus Pope and Dr. Omar Fareed, who have been superintending the Aid to Biafran Children project, have recently returned from Biafra with interim reports.

Dr. Pope, who was stationed at Umuahia, the provisional capital, spoke graphically of the ravages of anemia and tuberculosis among Biafra's 6,500,000 children. Having worked closely in Umuahia with Biafran medical authorities, Dr. Pope believes high priority should be given to a program both for treating these diseases and for fortifying those who have not yet become victims. Dr. Pope, a pediatrician who has served at Albert Schweitzer Hospital in Lambaréné and who took a leave of absence from the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, to work for ABC, was a frequent visitor at Queen Elizabeth Hospital, largest of the Biafran medical centers. He consulted regularly with Biafran physicians.

The anemia program has two main aims. The first is to provide emergency treatment for desperate cases. The second is to keep the disease from reaching the critical stage. The emergency cases, of course, can best be treated by blood transfusions. At first, we considered mounting an appeal for blood in the United States. Some *SR* readers, in fact, who sent funds to ABC, had volunteered as blood donors. It was decided, however, not to undertake such a program. In addition to the problem of medical examinations for the donors, there was the problem of storing and shipping the blood and of giving the actual transfusions. It was felt that such a project, if carried out at all, could best be done by the American Red Cross.

Far more effective, we decided, would be an independent program to provide oral and injectable doses of iron for Biafran children. True, this would not adequately help children in the advanced stages of anemia, but it could fortify far larger numbers. Accordingly, we are now attempting to acquire many millions of units of iron for direct distribution in Biafra.

A similar approach is being made to the problem of tuberculosis. Substantial quantities of Isoniazid and Bacille Calmette-Guerin are being sought for prevention and therapeutic purposes.

In a companion report, Dr. Fareed told of his experiences in driving the ABC jeep into the villages. The program's major concern is for children, but no adult is turned away. Dr. Fareed was accompanied by his son, George, a third-year medical student. Any doubts about the willingness of Biafrans to be treated by foreign doctors were immediately dispelled by actual village experiences. In fact, it was soon apparent to Dr. Fareed that ABC should send many more mobile units into the field. The Biafrans are cooperative and appreciative patients. The fact that English is taught in all the schools—in villages as well as cities—has eliminated what might otherwise be a fair-sized communications problem.

We pressed Dr. Fareed for details about his experiences under the bombings. Newspapers in the United States had reported that a bomb dropped from an attacking plane had exploded within a few hundred feet of Dr. Fareed while he was on a village medical mission. Dr. Fareed assisted in the emergency treatment of victims, many of whom were loaded into trucks for transport to a nearby hospital. It was apparent from the way Dr. Fareed described the incident that his anger was directed not only at the bombing of villagers but at the high British commission of inquiry that had assured the English people there was no evidence of air bombing of civilians. The fact that Great Britain, along with the Soviet Union, was supplying large quantities of munitions to the Nigerian Government added maliciousness to mendacity.

Dr. Fareed, who had previously been involved in medical relief projects in Vietnam, spoke of the stark differences he was able to observe in the attitudes and actions of the Biafran people and their government in marked contrast to what he saw in South Vietnam. Dependence on the United States is so great in South Vietnam that practically everything hangs on it. Everyone looks to the United States to sustain the war—with soldiers, supplies, strategy. This feeling carries over to the civilian economy as well. The Biafrans, however, are on their own and they know it. Like the British people under Winston Churchill after the fall of France in 1940, the Biafrans, Dr. Fareed said, are proud, resolute, and bound together by an iron determination to see it through. There is no wavering or confusion. The individual Biafran has no lack of morale or purpose. He knows what he has to do and is prepared to sustain indefinite hardship until the ordeal of the war is ended.

WHERE does Biafra get its arms? Some come from France and are flown in at night. But the preponderance of the war material is captured from the federal Nigerian forces. Most of the heavy military equipment—trucks, tanks, artillery, etc.—now being used by Biafra was seized from the Nigerian army. The deeper the Nigerian army penetrates into Biafra, the more it needs ever-larger supplies of ammunition and food. The strategy of the Biafrans is to lure the federal forces into the advanced outposts, to surround and isolate them, and to capture their stores.

Meanwhile, the daily death toll from starvation has been decreasing, thanks both to food flown in at night, often under fire, and to the ingenuity of Biafran scientists and agriculturists. Food shipments from the United States have been increasing. A major portion of the food is supplied by relief groups in the Scan-

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dinavian nations. Biafran scientists, many of them the products of American universities, have been developing methods of extracting protein from leaves and grass and processing it into powder for human consumption. The Biafrans are also using crushed shells of snails and other marine creatures to augment the diet of poultry, thus helping to maintain the health level of their poultry, a prime source of food.

Dr. Fabian Udekwu, secretary of the Biafran Relief and Rehabilitation Association, has visited *SR*'s offices to put before us a request for expanded help. He has given us a list of urgently needed surgical equipment. Also, he asked whether it would be possible for us to help recruit American plastic and reconstructive surgeons who would go to Africa to operate on war-wounded people who have been badly burned or who cannot function properly without operations on their hands or arms or legs. We said we would do what we could.

ABC will seek the fullest possible assistance from Jointchurchaid and the U.S. Agency for International Development. With the appointment of Dr. C. Clyde Ferguson as coordinator for Nigeria/Biafra Relief, a basis for providing systematic and substantial U.S. emergency relief to the victims of the war has now been created. Dr. Ferguson has just returned from the war zone and is prepared to provide maximum assistance, within the scope of his assignment, to accredited relief organizations in the field.

So long as the war goes on, large numbers of people will die—both soldiers and civilians. But many thousands of lives are now being saved that would otherwise be claimed by hunger or injury. If the relief efforts now going forward are expanded and multiplied, there is the genuine prospect that not thousands but millions of lives can be saved.

The prospect of ending the war through negotiations is not a substantial one under present conditions of wartime distrust. It is doubtful if the two parties are prepared to undertake face-to-face discussions. Clearly, a third-party presence is essential. Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, to his great credit, has attempted to fill the role but so far has been unsuccessful. One approach might be for President Nixon, who enjoys the respect of both Nigerians and Biafrans, to invite Major-General Yakubu Gowan of Nigeria and Lieutenant-Colonel Odumegwu Ojukwu of Biafra to Washington for a series of separate and joint meetings under his personal auspices. At some point, it will be necessary for Nigerians and Biafrans to talk. Although a U.S. invitation at the request of President Nixon might or might not be fruitful, it is worth trying. —N.C.

Letters to the Editor

Highest Priority

I SUPPORT former Vice President Humphrey's strong emphasis ['Safeguard': A Question of Priorities, *SR*, Apr. 5] on the need to establish clear-cut national priorities, and on thinking long and hard before listing among them the deployment of an anti-ballistic missile system. His arguments against such a system—its political, strategic, and economic shortcomings—deserve a wide audience.

There are also, of course, significant biological considerations that stand in opposition to this system: the effects of fallout. Such conditions would obviously exist in the event of a nuclear exchange in which large numbers of first-strike missiles are exploded on target, a number of Safeguard-type missiles are exploded in interceptive functions, and large numbers of retaliatory missiles are exploded, some of which may also be intercepted. There is no escape from lethal levels of fallout.

Political stance, strategy, and economics are powerful forces in determining policy, but the survival of our species, if a factor in establishing national priorities, would seem to transcend even these.

PAUL G. STONE, D.M.D.,
Brattleboro, Vt.

Nigerian Complexities

IN HIS ARTICLE "Biafra and the American Conscience" [*SR*, Apr. 12], Senator Charles E. Goodell quite rightly pleads for the American conscience to goad the U.S. Government to act more forcibly in alleviating starvation in that country. However, his suggestions for political action are unfortunately met by problems both within Nigeria and the world community.

In Nigeria, the situation is that of political stalemate. Economically, those in the North and West have filled occupations once held by the Ibos. There would be little room in the neighboring regions' economies for the returning Ibos. But there is no reason why the Ibos would want to return, so strong is their belief in the federal design of genocide. Then why not accept secession? The land area claimed by the two sides is at a variance. Even with the return of prewar Ibo-dominated land to an independent Biafra, the new state would not be economically viable. The oil fields of Port Harcourt and Calabar, claimed by Biafra, will not be given up by the federal government. The revenue from the oil is not the only issue. The peoples of these areas are not Ibos, so the Biafran claim of self-determination cannot be wholeheartedly accepted.

Attitudes of involved outside parties make difficult the possibility of a halt of arms supply. Britain feels that even if its firms did stop supplying arms, others would soon fill the gap. France will not even admit that she is the main supplier of arms to Biafra, however indirectly.

Even if there were an arms halt and a cease-fire, the determination of the federal government to remain one Nigeria and of Biafra to be sovereign will render many of Senator Goodell's political suggestions ineffective.

MOLLY HAZEN,
New York, N.Y.

Hear! Hear!

GOODMAN ACE's intended commitment to the dialogue of deafness, in his "Thirty on Thirty" [TOP OF MY HEAD, Apr. 12] turns my twenty-five-year-old stomach. His "young man with guitar" was more a character of fiction than a real representative of my generation. We are arguers and actively seek dialogue with persons "over thirty"—a revolting phrase in itself, invented by the press to label its alienation from the emerging American conscience.

What am I for? I want to live in a city where tranquillity and safety are insured by the elimination of poverty, misery, and discontentment, rather than by armed policemen. Logic, reason, sanity would fuel the decision-making process, not greed, envy, and economic expediency. I want to live in a country whose ethic emphasizes the good in man.

Editorials would praise. Obscenity would define the slaughter of innocent Asians, not refer to photographs depicting our nocturnal habits. A military would protect and adhere to policy, not suppress and make policy. Respect for the old would be offered as tokens of recognition of lives lived with honor; it would not be demanded by frightened, guilt-ridden, deaf adults.

I want to be proud of myself someday. Should I live another day wallowing in self-satisfaction knowing that while one of our least illustrious Senators receives $600,000 for *not* growing cotton, Nixon economizes with the Job Corps?

There's something terribly wrong here. What I am for is: CHANGE. NOW! Tomorrow I shall inherit America. I suggest that Mr. Ace learn how to listen.

JONATHAN LEWIS,
New York, N.Y.

GOODMAN ACE has betrayed, once and for all, the liberal guise behind which he has been masquerading. Everyone knows that the test group in a social experiment must necessarily consist of many people with varying attitudes and backgrounds. As a sixteen-year-old, I feel that he could not have chosen a worse example to represent us. In refusing to speak to all people under thirty, Mr. Ace is being as closed-minded as the ones to whom his silence is directed.

SUSAN MELNICK,
S. Hadley, Mass.

NOT THAT ANYONE over thirty could make a mistake, but please advise Goodman Ace that Samuel Morse invented the telegraph, not Robert Morse.

WILLIAM R. PATTERSON, JR.,
Cleveland, O.

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

A Special Providence

PROVIDENCE.

JUST ABOUT THE most encouraging thing that has happened in the resident theater company movement this season is the emergence of a really vital production organization here at the Trinity Square Repertory Company.

Under the leadership of director Adrian Hall, Trinity Square has offered at least three productions whose originality and scope surpass what is generally being attempted at most resident theaters.

The first was *Brother to Dragons* (THE THEATER, Dec. 28, 1968), which was staged at the small, renovated church theater. Then came the onslaught in the large Rhode Island School of Design auditorium with Hall's staging of *Macbeth*. For this the director encouraged his talented scene designer, Eugene Lee, to slice the auditorium portion of the theater with a runway that extended right through the middle of the first twelve rows, and to raise a scaffolding along one sidewall. Although the runway had the liability of forcing the people in the front rows to turn around in order to catch much of the dialogue and action, it had the advantage of permitting longitudinal separation between actors. It was particularly valuable, for instance, in the assassination of Banquo and the escape of Fleance up the runway, which became much more convincing than it would have been if Fleance had disappeared into the wings.

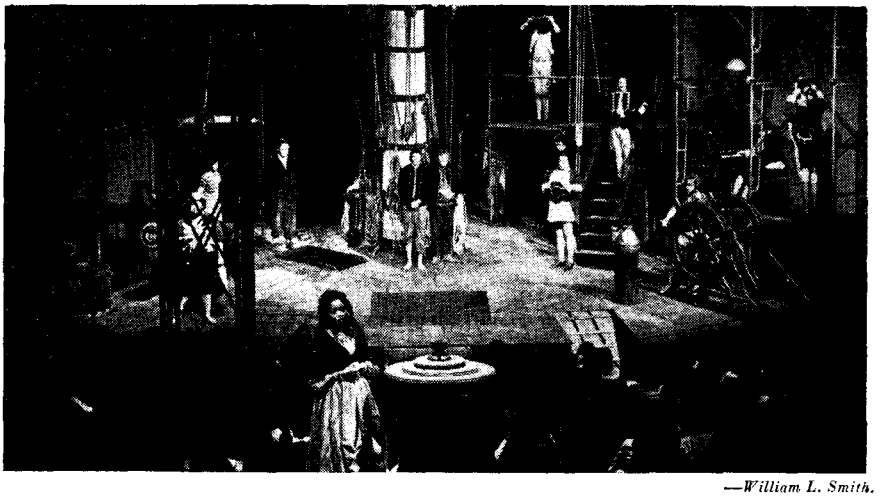
An Erector Set bridge across the center of the stage made possible a spectacular death scene in which Macbeth, hanging by his hands, worked himself across the bridge's underside only to have MacDuff hack at his hands from above until he was forced to let go and to drop through a hole in the stage floor where soldiers speared him to death as if he were a trapped animal. The undisguised metal look of the scaffolding seemed slightly anachronistic, and one suspected that the bridge would have been more effective if it had been made of wood rather than steel.

The scenic scheme tended to de-emphasize individual performances so that Richard Kneeland's Macbeth and Andra Akers's Lady Macbeth stood out less than they would in a more traditional production. On the other hand, the comic aspects were enhanced by Robert J. Colonna's portrayal of the porter, the funniest within recent memory, and the three witches' second scene erupting abandonedly into something resembling a wild, drunken drag party.

The basic design concept is more effective in Mr. Hall's version of *Billy Budd*, not to be confused with the old Coxe and Chapman play. Mr. Hall has chosen to go back to the Herman Melville novela, and he has added to it segments from another Melville story, *White Jacket*. Instead of presenting the material as a melodrama of malice and eighteenth-century naval injustice, this production seems to be aiming at giving the audience a feeling of what life on any warship is like, as well as the brutality of any war. An ingenious pump inserted in the stage floor sloshes water over the deck as sailors furiously mop. And vivid spectacles are manifested by a most realistic flogging of a sailor and the hanging of Billy, in which we see the victim jerked up into the air where he swings grotesquely back and forth.

In a sense, this production is less sympathetic to Billy, who, as handsomely portrayed by Timothy Taylor, emerges as a somewhat cowardly man who counts on his willful innocence to protect him from danger. Instead of listening to those members of the crew courageous enough to propose mutiny against intolerable conditions, Billy chooses to be loyal to the establishment. Thus, in a larger sense, he deserves his fate. Similarly, Captain Vere's argument to his officers that their gold braid does not attest to their allegiance to morality but to the system, and that war has no concern with anything but surfaces seems a remarkably contemporary comment that could be applied to the court-martialing of a GI deserter in Vietnam.

The rest of the production team is impressive, too, with composer Richard Cumming supplying ballads that hauntingly fix the play's grim events. John Lehmeyer's costumes are quintessentially true. And Roger Morgan's lighting not only serves the action nicely, but creates a slightly eerie heightening of the play's special atmosphere.



—*William L. Smith.*

Adrian Hall's new version of *Billy Budd* in Providence—"really vital."

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—Clive Barnes, New York Times

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PAUL KIDD

The Price of Achievement Under Castro

Cuba now has racial equality, public health programs, rural schooling, low rents, bare cupboards, black markets, a state-controlled press, and forced-labor camps.

ALMOST a generation of Cubans has grown up under communism. Thus, whether Fidel Castro is here to stay or not, the bearded "maximum leader" has left an imprint which will never be erased either from the Caribbean island or the world. However, although very real, that imprint is not always clear. As Herbert L. Matthews puts it, "Fidel Castro—hated or worshiped—has always provided excitement. Each day a new life begins and the Lord only knows what the next day will bring. Very often, not even Fidel Castro knows." This, perhaps, is the most important message that the veteran *New York Times* correspondent delivers in his political biography, *Fidel Castro* (Simon & Schuster, 382 pp., $6.95).

I find myself in agreement with Matthews when he says that Cubanologists in the United States have wasted their time in doctrinal arguments about Cuban socialism, and/or Cuban communism. This is one of the countless truths brought out in his valuable book. The pity is that Matthews, a meticulous researcher and a fine writer, produces such a distorted view of the Cuban revolution, not by what he says but by what he omits.

Although Matthews has skillfully documented the "why" of the revolution, he has been notably remiss about documenting its abuses. Certainly, the Cuban revolution has achievements to show. But at what price? The author never really says.

Matthews, whose early articles in the *Times* about Castro paved the way for his initial support by the U.S., emerges as the super-apologist, forever excusing and justifying. "But at least," he writes, "revolution is a mechanism by which tyranny, corruption and injustice are overthrown." In the case of Cuba he could not be more wrong. For, after ten years, there is still tyranny in Cuba—this time, hiding behind the guise of "revolutionary justice," which is in fact a perpetuation of injustice. True, little if any corruption exists, but this does not make the tyrannical grip of the totalitarian régime any the less harsh. I felt the heavy shadow of the police state in Batista's Cuba; I felt it equally ominously in Castro's Cuba. And the tragedy of this unpredictable Fidelean society, with its shrill, aggressively nationalistic attitude, is that it is the victim of a revolution that is more emotional than rational. As a result, Cuba is sinking in economic quicksands as it gropes for the stars of ideological promise.

Matthews knows his Cuba and he has traveled it well, which makes it all the more disappointing that his chronicle dwells so on the brutal aspects of the Batista dictatorship and devotes so little attention to the abuses that have taken place during the past decade. He is right, of course, to spotlight the Batista atrocities and the U.S. foreign policy follies that

PAUL KIDD, a foreign correspondent for Southam Newspapers of Canada and former Nieman Fellow at Harvard University, won a Cabot Prize from Columbia University and an Inter-American Press Association award for his hemisphere reporting. He has visited Cuba seven times in the past decade.

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contributed to the advent of Castro, but Matthews is very much to be faulted for not doing an equally thorough job on the police state aspects of Castro's Cuba.

A small Havana hotel where I have stayed has, for instance, become a local headquarters of the "Committee for the Defense of the Revolution," the two-million-member network of neighborhood spy groups which keeps Cubans and foreigners under constant surveillance.

Memories of the brutal Batista dictatorship—toward which the United States for so long had a closed-eye policy—remain unfaded in the minds of older Cubans. But, as in the days of Fulgencio Batista, the jails are again packed with political prisoners—perhaps 40,000. An army of 90,000 tough, well-trained men commanded by Castro's brother, Raul; an air force equipped with 175 Soviet-built jets, and a militia numbering 250,000 snuff out any hope of militant protest from an unarmed population.

In 1966, I had the unique experience, for a Western journalist, of tracking down a forced-labor camp hidden in the lush sugar fields of central Cuba. Tucked away near the hamlet of El Dos de Céspedes, the camp was one of 200 such compounds. Inside, behind barbed-wire fences, an estimated 30,000 Cubans were living under armed guard. In the terminology of the Cuban Communist Party the camps were known simply as UMAP. These are the Spanish initials for *Unidades Militares de Ayuda a la Producción* ("military units to aid production"). But they were military units without guns, and the men within them aided the production because they appeared petrified to do otherwise. Photographs I brought out of Cuba, the first uncensored pictures taken inside one of the establishments, testify to the harsh living conditions.

The army lieutenant in charge of the camp seemed amazed that I had located its whereabouts without being accompanied by a government official. Twice he asked me, "You are alone? There is no one with you?" He then asked me for identification, and I produced a foreign ministry press pass permitting me to travel throughout Cuba. "Why have you come here?" was the next question. In Spanish, I explained that I was a Canadian correspondent and that I was interested "in all facets of the revolution."

The 120 inmates were neither political prisoners nor criminals. Rather, they had been active in what is left of Cuba's shattered religious life – particularly Roman Catholics and Jehovah's Witnesses—or were among those loosely termed "social misfits" by the government. They had been sent to the UMAP camp for at least three years of so-called

—*Photos by Paul Kidd.*

Sign of "Committee for the Defense of Revolution"—neighborhood spy network.

military service, although none would ever handle a gun, and the only implements they would ever touch would be machetes for cutting sugar cane or hoes for tilling the earth. All the guns were in the hands of ten security guards running the camp. The power of its commandant was virtually absolute.

For working an average sixty-hour week the inmates received $7 a month—scarcely the price in Cuba of one half-decent meal. Except when they were toiling under the eyes of an armed guard in the nearby countryside, the inmates were usually confined to the camp compound for at least six months. Supposedly eligible for brief leave after ninety days, few UMAP draftees were allowed to visit their families until they had been in a camp at least twice that long.

The system of discipline was simple. Inmates who didn't work didn't get fed. And unless their labor reached its allotted norm, they didn't receive leave. On the second Sunday in each month draftees were allowed visits from their families, who could bring cigarettes and other small items. If an inmate didn't obey orders, such gifts were withheld. Reports of physical brutality in the camps circulated widely in Cuba.

The camp at El Dos de Céspedes was divided into two sets of living quarters. The security section, where the guards slept, had small, neat bunk beds. But the two long white concrete buildings where the inmates slept resembled cattle pens. Strips of sacking slung between wooden posts served as beds. On the outside wall of a large, bare building just inside the camp entrance, a picture of Lenin glowered. Underneath it were the words "*¡Proletarios del mundo unios!*" ("Workers of the world unite!"). The nightly two hours of ideological indoctrination and Communist propaganda were designed to help develop a "correct attitude toward the revolution."

Providing a ready-made source of cheap – almost slave – labor, UMAP camps were being used to develop big areas of land in remote regions. Virtually anyone could be drafted into UMAP; ages of inmates ranged from sixteen to more than sixty.

THIS, then, is the type of device used to keep the Cuban population in line. No mention of it, however, is made in Mr. Matthews's book. The commendable has a safe place in this sample of history; the deplorable does not. There is a need for precise details of the horrors of the Cuban revolution, as well as the benefits. Matthews generalizes, "No one can deny that Fidel Castro and his revolution have brought tragedy to thousands of Cuban families. Revolutions can no more be made without bringing suffering to many people than wars can be fought without sacrificing lives." This, of course, is true. But if one is to absorb the total Cuban picture, then graphic glimpses of that suffering should be etched in.

Mr. Matthews does report that on a visit to the island he and his wife lunched with some old Cuban friends whose son had been arrested and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment on the Isle of Pines. But he does not mention what the son's offense was—surely a pertinent fact. In any event, Matthews attempts to justify it all by saying that the sad story of his friends' imprisoned son "can be countered . . . by happy stories of happy families." It is specious reasoning. One might as validly say that the story of one happy family could be countered by sad stories of sad families.

The eminent scholar Theodore Drap-

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Cuban forced-labor camp—for beds, strips of sacking between posts.

er wrote in 1964, "For three years, the Castro régime has fed people far more fantasies than food." The observation holds true today.

In Havana last year I went for a stroll along a narrow street called Obispo, which used to be sprinkled with smart, well-stocked shops, and had always been bustling and colorful. Not any more. This time there were few pedestrians. And almost every store was closed. Notices in the windows of the few that still had severely rationed goods stated that they would be open but four hours one morning a week—and that only those Cubans with valid ration books need wait in line. With their precious ration books Cubans receive one shirt, one pair of pants or one dress, and a couple of sets of underwear and pairs of hose a year. Most signs in shop windows announced that the employees had closed their premises and joined thousands of other "volunteers" in the 100,000-acre "green belt" around Havana, which is being cleared of weeds and planted with coffee, vegetables and fruit.

"Capitalism," Castro screamed, "has to be dug out by the roots, parasitism has to be dug out by the roots, the exploitation of man has to be dug out by the roots!" Implemented by neighborhood "Big Brother" spy teams, his so-called "revolutionary offensive" against the remaining 55,000 small businesses and self-employed "businessmen" has crushed even such tiny independent "businessmen" as the portrait photographers in Havana's Central Park.

No longer, I found, were any of Cuba's 3,900 privately-owned taverns open. "We cannot encourage drunkenness . . . we must promote the working spirit," said Castro. I soon learned that it wasn't so much "drunkenness" as rampant black-marketeering which was upsetting the Cuban premier. The bars had long been among the principal outlets for illicit deals in scarce foods and goods. Neighborhood courts have been busy trying black-marketeers.

Through such tough measures, Castro reasoned, "we are little by little sanitizing our environment, cleaning it up, creating a country that is really a country of workers." But for most Cubans the "revolutionary offensive" has only made an already Spartan existence even more harsh.

Along Havana's Prado were shell-like buildings that had once been busy restaurants. In a country where food rationing is more acute than in England during the Second World War, only a limited number of restaurants can survive. Scattered groups of Cubans stood talking in the shade of the Prado's trees—their conversation sporadically drowned out by the noise of Chinese-made roller skates on the deft feet of youngsters hurtling down the boulevard. The roller skates are one of the few items that have arrived to break the gray monotony of life in Cuba.

A store on the Prado, even emptier than when I had seen it eighteen months earlier, displayed a few radios and a television set in its window. But to qualify for such a luxury item a Cuban must have worked countless "voluntary" hours cutting sugar cane or planting coffee and proved himself to be an "exemplary worker."

Although the national minimum wage is $85 a month, the average Cuban earns about $150. However, because of the paucity of goods, he has little on which to spend the money. What spare cash he does have is siphoned off into black-market food and goods or restaurant meals. The available remnants of "capitalistic decadence" bring high prices: a set of automobile tires, $1,000; a nine-year-old refrigerator, $2,000; a 1960 Buick, $10,400. Scarcely edible food in cafeterias is expensive enough, but at the remaining good restaurants an average meal costs from $12 to $15. Even so, the eating places are packed. Bare cupboards at home are the cause.

Each Cuban is rationed per month to three pounds of rice, one pound of beans, one pound of lard, three cans of condensed milk and, for children under eight years, one-quarter pound of butter; weekly, each gets two pounds of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of meat, and one and a half ounces of coffee. Chickens are virtually unobtainable, and only small children receive fresh milk. Eggs, no longer rationed, are plentiful. Cuba is a lush country, but when I was last in Havana there wasn't a banana or orange in sight.

One state enterprise, however, does a perennially lively business. Claiming to be the biggest ice cream parlor in the world, the Copelia offers some fifty flavors. The varieties have such exotic names as "Tricontinental Copa Lolita," and the quality is good. Throughout most of the day, lines of patient Cubans wait up to an hour for their ice cream. It is virtually the only luxury on an otherwise drab daily menu.

CASTRO epitomizes much of what is wrong with the Cuban approach to its economic problems. A self-taught expert on sugar, coffee, bananas and cattle-raising, he is impatient for instant panaceas. Revolutionary enthusiasm, however, is no substitute for expertise—and, with many of Cuba's best professionals now in exile, the result is a mishmash of many failures and some successes created by wild bureaucracy and incompetent management.

Currently Cuba is mobilizing labor battalions for the sugar harvest, the source of the nation's survival. Reportedly, before the six-month harvest ends in June about 500,000 Cubans will be in the fields. Some 700 Soviet-built sugar harvesting machines have proved a disappointment, and 95 per cent of Cuba's crop is still cut by hand.

Many of the "voluntary" workers—recruited in the schools, factories and government offices of Havana—are amateur cane-cutters. But it is only through adopting such a "correct revolutionary attitude" that Cubans get the favors, in scarce goods and job opportunities, that the régime offers.

Although Castro has been boasting that Cuba will be harvesting 10,000,000 tons of sugar by next year, the yield in 1969 is expected to be no more than 6,500,000 tons. Of this, almost half is already committed to the Soviet Union

(*Continued on page* 45)

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Literary Horizons

Granville Hicks

I can imagine a present-day Scott Fitzgerald saying, "The very young are different from us," and a hard-boiled Hemingway replying, "Yes, they aren't so old." At most periods in history this might be an adequate answer, but at the moment I think it falls short. I feel in my bones that the generation gap is becoming an abyss. If this is true, it is because of something that is happening to Western civilization, not because the young are particularly wicked or stupid or perverse.

There are many young men and women who are eager to tell us just what the younger generation is up to, but most of them seem to me to clarify nothing. I realize that this may be my fault, but I don't really think so. These would-be writers fail to make me believe in their characters, probably because they don't believe in them themselves. But there are a few writers who have been able to make me believe that their characters, no matter how bizarre their ideas or how outrageous their behavior, are real people. Thomas Rogers, in *The Pursuit of Happiness*, is one, and Marilyn Hoff, in *Rose*, is another. And now there is Jonathan Strong, whose *Tike and Five Stories* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $5.75) has hit me very hard indeed.

Tike, the hero of the novella, is twenty-one years old, has dropped out of college, and has taken a room of his own. His mother and father are open-minded, gentle people who are eager to understand and help him, and it might have been better for him if they had been stupid, conventional tyrants, for then he would at least have had something definite to revolt against. After being in a mental institution for a while, he is working in a college library shelving books. As the story begins he is miserably lonely, but there are other young people in his boarding house, and soon he becomes acquainted with them.

—*Arthur Richardson.*

Jonathan Strong—"avoids phoniness."

Strong writes for the most part in short declarative sentences, and this becomes tiresome at times; but the device helps Strong, as it helped Hemingway, to emphasize the specific detail. By writing about things rather than emotions he avoids phoniness. He has also learned from Hemingway that what is left out of a story can be more important than what is put in. Tike represents himself as being cool as an iceberg, yet what the reader feels between the lines is bewilderment and despair.

The five short stories aren't about Tike, but they are about boys who are very much like him. One of them, "Quilty," describes a boy of fifteen or sixteen who is involved in a family celebration of the Fourth of July. He is a nice boy and has a nice family, and he is only beginning to realize how much of life lies outside the family circle. Two stories touch delicately on the problem of homosexuality, "Supperburger" and "Sayin Goodbye to Tom." In the former we are never sure what has gone on between the boy and an older man, a composer, but we see how it has changed their lives. The latter portrays a boyhood friendship that is on the edge of a deeper involvement. "Suburban Life" presents a boy and girl who are shacking up and are having a good time in spite of the girl's broken leg. In "Tike" the boy has an affair for which he is really not ready, and he is hurt. In "Suburban Life" both the boy and girl are enjoying the new sexual freedom, and that is fine, but one sees the problems that lie ahead for them.

I began *What I'm Going to Do, I Think*, by L. Woiwode (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.95), because it also deals with the problems, sexual and marital, of the young. (Believe it or not, the publishers say that the author's name is pronounced "Why-wood-ee," with the accent on the first syllable.) His young couple are a little older than the boy and girl in *Tike*: Christofer Van Eenanam, a graduate student in science, has just won a fellowship; Ellen Strohe, who was a student at the University of Wisconsin when he first met her, was brought up by stern grandparents, against whom she is ineffectually in revolt.

The story opens as Chris and Ellen are beginning their honeymoon in the grandparents' summer home. We learn that Ellen had become pregnant and that they have had to choose between abortion and marriage. Chris, who, as the title indicates, is an indecisive young man, finally came out for marriage, but he has recurring doubts about the future. Ellen has her doubts, too, but mostly she worries about his doubts. What happens between them is, of course, the theme of the story.

Like Jonathan Strong, Woiwode is fond of specific details, but he is not so skillful as Strong in selecting those that will do most for him. There is, for instance, a long account of an interview Chris and Ellen have with the minister they have selected to marry them. This is a good piece of realistic reporting, but so far as contributing to our understanding of Ellen and Chris is concerned, Woiwode could have got the same effect in a fifth of the space. For another example: A neighboring farmer asks Chris to help him with a day's haying. After Chris has worked himself to exhaustion, the farmer doesn't even give him a decent day's pay. Woiwode is surely describing Chris's ordeal out of his own experience, and the reader's muscles almost ache in sympathy, but fewer words would have done as well.

The problems of Chris and Ellen recur in every generation in many varieties, and haven't much to do with the dilemmas that seem to be peculiarly modern. That, of course, is nothing against the novel. The trouble is that Woiwode has brought so little to his theme that might illuminate it. In the first part, as I have said, there is a clutter of details. In the second part the reader does feel the tension between the two, but even here there are distractions, and the passages intended to hint at a violent ending seem contrived. Everywhere one misses the sureness of touch that Strong seems to have come by naturally.

Woiwode's novel does remind us that the really radical young people, the ones who are furthest out, the ones who seem not to understand the language we older people speak, are in the minority. Chris and Ellen may have had their wild moments, but if they are able to settle down at all, it will be in Squaresville. That's all right too, but they interest me less than Tike does. Tike may crack up, but for the moment he is living his own life. His is a new way of looking at the world, and Strong is artist enough to make us see at least part of what Tike sees.

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European Literary Scene

Robert J. Clements

English writers, editors, and publishers, like their confrères on the Continent, are a bit uneasy about the UNESCO discussions on revising the Berne (1886) and Geneva (1952) conventions on international copyright. Yet this question is at the moment overshadowed by their irritation over the behavior of certain American reprint publishers. This source of potential vexation, by the way, dates back to the unauthorized reprinting, without royalties, by an American firm of the works of Charles Dickens, an incident that heightened the anti-Americanism of that fearsome novelist.

A few American reprint houses, working technically within the existing U.S. copyright laws, feel free to issue facsimile editions without informing, consulting, or remunerating the English publisher—who might be planning to issue a revised edition. Copyrights here expire after twenty-eight years (one renewal of another twenty-eight years is permitted) whereas in the U.K. copyright remains in effect for fifty years after the author's death. An ethical problem is thus created.

The London *Times Literary Supplement* has vigorously attacked an American reprint of the 1929 *Bibliography of Jane Austen,* published originally by Sir Geoffrey Keynes's firm. When Sir Geoffrey complained that he did not wish to have the work reprinted without updating (any scholar could understand this), the American publisher replied that "he had no duty to consult [the author and original publisher] since consultation took time and a rival firm might meanwhile step in and 'steal the show.'" He enclosed a check for $200 which Keynes refused to accept "as conscience money."

The *TLS* gives the impression that such behavior on the part of American publishers is widespread. A token poll of New York reprint houses fortunately belies this. Despite a very few who "grab first and pay later, if necessary," the majority make prior arrangements with the U.K. publishers, finding that the approximate two-month period required for consultation by air mail is hardly excessive. Most pay advances to the London firms. Typical of such operations is the agreement between Octagon Books and John Murray, publisher of the important thirteen-volume *Works of Lord Byron.* This mutually advantageous contract gave Murray a 10-per-cent royalty on 600 sets at a list price of $160, all adding up to a service to scholars, a boon to both publishers, and a model of cooperation. The British publishers have only one way to protect themselves against the few reprinters who do not follow such a procedure: to provide for maximum continuing copyright under American law and issue a revised edition every fifty years or so thereafter, in anticipation of copyright expiration in America.

Possibly encouraged by the current revival of Jean-Paul Sartre's wordy 1951 hit, *Le Diable et le bon Dieu,* Jean Mercure has staged at the Théâtre de la Ville an old and virtually unknown drama by the existentialist playwright, *L'Engrenage* (Gears). This study of a socialist strong man enmeshed in the mechanism of his office was written in 1948, and reminds one of Sartre's *Mains sales* of the previous year. Apparently no one has ever staged *L'Engrenage* except Piscator in Germany and Strehler in Italy. Reminiscent of Hoederer in *Mains sales,* boss Jean dips his hands in the blood and dirt of politics for the good of the socialist cause. Most of the play is taken up with Jean's trial before a people's court, where he tries to justify his conduct as leader. Flashbacks transport us to crucial moments in his political career. The long speeches on democracy, justice, use of power, etc., constitute most of the dialogue and the plot. Critics are not sure this old script should have been taken out of its trunk; some feel that by now Sartre has lost his preaching license.

In 1948 Sartre had not yet become disenchanted with Stalinism, and his old lip-service to that brand of communism is remembered by the French New Left. Communism and socialism now have much more reliable and authoritative interpreters, including such firsthand witnesses as Solzhenitsyn and Bulgakov. Indeed, the soap-box rhetoric in *L'Engrenage,* which reduces its dramatic strength and forces Jean's fellow-actors into uncomfortable indolence on the stage, reminds many of us of the noble rhetoric of Castro on trial for his life, words about liberty, justice, and human dignity that did not prevent him from setting up kangaroo courts shortly afterwards. The French no longer accept Sartre as their militant intellectual. We are nearing the day predicted by Manuel de Diéguez when "posterity will look back curiously at this somewhat lugubrious doctor of the Ideal City, and remain astonished at the strange forms assumed by the man-made religion of the twentieth century."

One of the interesting features of the monthly *Soviet Literature* is its surveys of the fortunes of foreign authors in the USSR. The choice of American writers for discussion offers few surprises. Erskine Caldwell, with his interest in American Negroes, hillbillies, farmers, and slum-dwellers, was read in Russia as early as 1936; first his short stories were translated, followed by *Tobacco Road* and *Trouble in July.* Soviet affection for Mr. Caldwell was reciprocated.

The Georgia-born novelist was touring Russia at the time of the Nazi attack,

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

SLEUTHONYMS

The ten detectives in Column 1 are the creations of the four authors in Column 3, who use the eight pseudonyms in Column 2. According to Jan Blomstrom of Albuquerque, two of the detectives appear in books written under the authors' real names. Don't get rattled—first assign the eight pseudonyms to their respective detectives, then match the four authors to their own pseudonyms and to the remaining detectives. Help yourself to a silver badge if you understand this quiz, a gold badge if you solve it. The getaway car is on page 33.

1. John Mannering ( )
2. Inspector MacDonald ( )
3. Dorian Silk ( )
4. Luis Mendoza ( )
5. George Gideon ( )
6. Vic Varallo ( )
7. Julian Rivers ( )
8. Ivor Maddox ( )
9. Patrick Dawlish ( )
10. Roger West ( )

A. Simon Harvester ( )
B. Lesley Egan ( )
C. J. J. Marric ( )
D. Gorden Ashe ( )
E. Carol Carnac ( )
F. Dell Shannon ( )
G. Anthony Morton ( )
H. E. C. R. Lorac ( )

a. John Creasey
b. Henry Gibbs
c. Edith Rivett
d. Elizabeth Linington

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and he subsequently wrote articles and books on the heroic Russian resistance. When he revisited the USSR in 1959 he found that most of his works were available there, some in editions of 300,000, and at least one in Ukrainian. Fortunately for America's image, Russian critics have kept reminding more unsophisticated readers that the grotesque, comic, or slovenly personages in Caldwell's fiction are not typical members of our society. As far back as 1939 Leonid Borovoy warned that "these stories are built on quite obviously improbable exaggerations," and now Mikhail Landor cautions that "a naïve understanding of his stories in which his bizarre situations and 'extreme cases' are treated as the common run is not infrequent among readers."

Peter Weiss continues on his way toward becoming one of the memorable playwrights of this generation. After two years of negotiating and preparations, his *Marat/Sade* is at last playing at Barcelona's Poliorama Theater. His latest play, *Song of the Lusitanian Puppet*, an attack on Portuguese rule in Angola, has started its tour of France at the Centre Théâtral of Limoges. Unlike Sartre in *L'Engrenage*, Weiss does not let his characters preach or declaim; he wins sympathy for them by subtler means, by making us like them as people rather than as symbols. Dismissing the on-stage mob he manipulated in *Marat/Sade*, he charges only six actors (and no hero) with conveying his message against oppression. These natives of the faraway colony align themselves successfully against the dictatorial adventurer who justifies autarchy by the rationalization that "this has been going on for 500 years." In this play Weiss transcends what a British critic last month condemned in him: "a naïve agitprop shape."

Pier Paolo Pasolini's book and film *Teorema* had rough going in Italy, but the film is doing well in France and elsewhere. His *Oedipus*, admittedly "the most autobiographical of his films," will shortly be exported. Meanwhile the versatile novelist-director presents his first work for the theater at the Deposito d'Arte Presente theater of Turin. *Orgia* is a two-act boudoir "tragedy" of the absurd; there is a lot of talk about sex, while the real orgies take place between scenes. The frankness of the dialogue is shocking, as is the expanse of body surfaces exposed—although neither compares to the new exhibitionism of the New York or London stages. Why is this fragile, Priapean piece described as a tragedy? The word apparently refers here to what Balzac called "that battle from which woman emerges always the victor."

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Changing the Electoral System

THEODORE SORENSEN'S REVIEW of James Michener's *Presidential Lottery* [*SR*, Apr. 12] parades once again the paucity of objectivity in ex-Kennedy aides. These people are always held up as "experts" yet even a cursory reading of this review exposes Mr. Sorensen's contradictions.

In one paragraph he scores Mr. Nixon for suggesting a step-by-step change in the system, acknowledging that he will take what he thinks he can get for now. Says Sorensen, "This is Presidential leadership?" One page later, however, he lets John F. Kennedy off the hook entirely when as Senator he opposed any change in the electoral system because "the plans . . . had a real prospect of passage that year whereas the popular vote proposal had none—he felt obligated to fight all changes." But of course, that *was* leadership! That special brand of Kennedy myopia rears its head once again.

In another section, Mr. Sorensen blasts the system because, he says, "many citizens do not understand the fairness or relevance of much of our political system—nominating process, registration requirements, etc." In the very next paragraph, however, he says that because of modern communications, education and "political sophistication" of our people, they are now much more able to choose wisely. Which is it? I gather that if Mr. Humphrey had won, the case would have demonstrated the latter, but not when Mr. Nixon wins.

The system obviously needs changing, but don't underestimate the ability of demagoguery to prevail even among our "sophisticated" populace. Mr. Sorensen is one example of how you can easily be brainwashed into letting prejudice color objective appraisal.

MADELYN V. POWELL,
Chicago, Ill.

MR. SORENSEN IS PROBABLY CORRECT when he argues that the "proportional plan" will encourage the growth of splinter parties. For some reason, Mr. Sorensen neglects to point out that direct election of the President will have exactly the same effect in this respect. Since about one-third of the elections for which a popular vote was counted have been decided by a plurality rather than a majority popular vote it may be argued that our two-party system is not really very stable. The reluctance of the reformers to discuss this important facet of the problem is strange.

The gruesome scenarios dreamed up by the journalists last year can be prevented by the simple method of constitutionally requiring that electors vote the way they are supposed to and by giving each Representative one vote if the election should be thrown into the House. The House voting should also be restricted to the two top candidates in the Electoral College.

I would find Mr. Sorensen's arguments more convincing if he could cite one good example of a nation which elects its chief executive officer by direct popular vote. It is interesting that with a good number of successfully functioning democracies in the world, the reformers must resort to pure theory for their arguments.

CHARLES P. JAMIESON,
Springfield, Va.

College of William and Mary

IN HIS REVIEW of Carlos Baker's *Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story* [*SR*, Apr. 19], Granville Hicks refers to "a professor of English at Old Dominion University (formerly William and Mary) . . ."

This is slightly inaccurate. Old Dominion *College*, in Norfolk, Va., is the correct name of an institution that began in 1930 as an extension of The College of William and Mary, eventually growing into a division of that school in Norfolk before becoming, in 1962, completely independent under its present name. The College of William and Mary, founded by royal charter in 1693, is now completing its 276th academic year with its name and locale unchanged.

CARL R. DOLMETSCH,
Williamsburg, Va.

Pius XII Spoke Up

REFERRING TO M. NOVELLA'S letter [Book Forum, Feb. 8], it is inaccurate to say that Pius XII was silent while the Nazis were exterminating the Jews and other enemies. The encyclical *Summi Pontificatus* of October 20, 1939, reinforced the condemnation of Nazi racial policies set forth by Pius XI in *Mit Brennender Sorge* and by Pius XI's Holy Office decree of March 25, 1928, which "condemns in the most unqualified manner hatred of God's chosen people, that hatred which is known as anti-Semitism."

Pius XII further condemned "atrocities" and "acts which cry to God for vengeance" in the 1939 Christmas Eve Allocution; "the open or secret oppression of the cultural and linguistic characteristics of national minorities" in the 1941 Christmas Eve Allocution; the persecution of "hundreds of thousands of people who, through no fault of their own, sometimes owing only to their nationality or descent, are doomed to death or to slow decline" in the 1942 Christmas Eve Allocution; in an Allocution dated June 2, 1943, the persecution of "those who, because of their nationality or descent, are pursued by mounting misfortune and increasing suffering. Sometimes, through no fault of theirs, they are subjected to measures which threaten them with extermination." Space prevents the listing of additional interventions by the Vatican on behalf of the Nazi-persecuted Jews.

A. H. CASER,
Mount Carmel, Pa.

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The Age of Allegiance

Styles of Radical Will, *by Susan Sontag (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 274 pp. $5.95), invites us to re-imagine the America once conceived by the Founding Fathers as a land of permanent revolution in the interests of a humane polity. Emile Capouya is an editor and free-lance writer.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

SUSAN SONTAG'S CRITICISM has always been particularly interesting for the straightforward and uncompromising manner in which it has defended cultural attitudes that are really quite popular—or at least modish—but not wholly avowable. Miss Sontag has deduced general principles from the practice of the French anti-novel school, so-called, and from that of certain painters and filmmakers, and boldly proclaimed those principles. In articulating an ideal program for the artists she has defended, she has provided the public with an instrument of analysis and reflection that has helped to win serious attention for the works themselves. Often enough, if the attitudes they represented *were* unavowable, it was chiefly because they had so far gone unexamined.

One of Miss Sontag's most important tenets has been that art and morality have no common ground, for art occupies "the space of pleasure" only. In taking that position she is not simply echoing the art-for-art's-sake principles of Walter Pater and Oscar Wilde, for she is writing in a very different context. The artists and critics of the *fin de siècle* were polemicizing against an art that was little more than a vehicle for romantically expressing official values and received opinions. But romantic idealism is, after two world wars, safely dead. We are now at a point where cultural morale is at the lowest possible ebb—our very biological optimism as living creatures seems seriously impaired. Miss Sontag's principle, then, is not a bit polemical but, rightly considered, heuristic. Like the alert and sensitive observer she is, she has simply been articulating the project of the age, which is the dehumanization of man—in this case by assuming as given and perfected a phenomenon that is actually still in the process of evolving, *i.e.*, the compartmentalization of personality, the fragmentation of character. It is true enough, though, that "the space of pleasure" does not march with "moral space" in the ideally dehumanized personality. Miss Sontag points to that fact as a critic, much as William Burroughs does by his practice as a novelist, and Herman Kahn by his practice as a political theorist.

Seen from a slightly different point of view, what we may call the Sontag Situation arises in this way: The Renaissance creates an interesting monster, the "free personality"—that is, it places a new value upon personality divorced from any corporate or social function. That age exalts *virtù*, an almost unspecifiable indwelling talent, and invents the modern concept of the Genius. During the Renaissance the personality is no longer completely identified with corporate traditions of value as it had been in the Middle Ages, just as the workman, under the same conditions of emerging capitalism, is no longer identified with the land. Now, the psychological tendency to exalt personality, represented by new notions like that of the genius, begins to be matched by a tendency to abase and abuse it. As a result of still further development during the eighteenth century, involving still further alienation of personality from social function, we see the rise of a special pornography of spiritual abuse, betrayal, and domination—exemplified by Sade and Choderlos de Laclos. By the beginning of the present century the process has gone so far that André Gide develops the idea of *disponibilité* as a value—availability, emptiness of the personality, a programmatic vacuity whose positive side is, in theory at least, an eternal readiness to be filled. By our own time we have arrived at the Sontag Situation. The idealist tatters clinging to Gide's essentially Nietzschean position are so embarrassing to sophisticated and disabused spirits that for them nothing will do save an absolute divorce between art and all the rest of our activities. Again, Miss Sontag did not invent that cultural crisis. She identified it, and in some sense made herself its advocate.

THE essays collected in *Styles of Radical Will*—all but one—are systematic explorations of Miss Sontag's fundamental position. The most typical and the most theoretically audacious piece is "The Pornographic Imagination," a consistently extreme argument for the separation of esthetic values from values of all other kinds. It should be remarked that the rigor of Miss Sontag's ideas has always been oddly and hearteningly modified by lapses—theoretically inexplicable—into sense and taste. Indeed her writings and her public character have all along presented confusing evidence that she is herself the sort of person whose demise she has been celebrating as an explicator of the arts. She really has given hints of being a quite old-fashioned young woman whose mind and emotions are actually in contact. So I suppose I need not have been quite so stunned as I was by the last essay in this volume, "Trip to Hanoi."

It is the story of a religious conversion. Miss Sontag, appalled by the war like many other Americans, paid a visit to North Vietnam. Through journal entries, accounts of meetings and conversations, and long passages of self-examination, she recreates for the reader the spiritual shock she experienced as a visitor to an utterly foreign country whose beleaguered people seemed to give immediate, total allegiance to their system of social values. Setting aside completely the content of those values, which are relevant to Vietnamese rather than to American experience, Miss Sontag invites us to imagine what America would be like if her most intelligent citizens were not heartsick over the way in which she has chosen to live, if the best of her young people were not mortally disaffected. In other words, she invites us to re-imagine the America once conceived by the Founding Fathers and now abandoned by the Americans, a land of permanent revolution in the interests of a humane polity. Miss Sontag concludes on her own account that she must reinvent the idea of patriotism, which means re-dedication to radical political and social activity.

—*Jerry Bauer.*

Susan Sontag—"quite old-fashioned"?

Well, there goes the fragmented individual, for whose sake one had learned to see the arts as purely gratuitous, occupying some space of pleasure that had no relation to the other possible interests of the spirit—no relation, in short, to the moral life. Hail and farewell. It is a tribute to Miss Sontag's serious nature that she was susceptible to the lesson the Vietnamese people were capable of teaching. Now, since she is nothing if not consistent, she will have to revise her esthetic opinions into some congruence with her moral outlook. It is the end of an era for her. Susan Sontag has been erudite and clever. Now she can be intelligent.

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Forethinker Updated

***Prometheus Bound,** by Robert Lowell (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 67 pp. $5.95. Paperback, $1.95), a modern version of the Aeschylean tragedy, comments on today in terms of ancient myth. John Chadwick is a Fellow of the British Academy and reader in the Greek Language in the University of Cambridge.*

By JOHN CHADWICK

A LONG WAY BACK in time, near the beginning of the world, there were not only gods and men but also demi-gods, the sons of Mother Earth. One of these was pre-eminent, an inventor and craftsman; his name was Prometheus, "Forethinker." He had helped Zeus to establish his rule over the other gods and the universe, but later he was moved to pity by the ignorance of man and taught him the arts of civilization. Zeus, however, refused the gift of fire, so Prometheus stole it from heaven for man, thereby bringing on himself the wrath of Zeus.

This is the background to the story of a play written in the fifth century B.C. by the Greek poet Aeschylus. He wrote, as was usual, three plays on the same theme, to be presented successively, like a huge drama in three long acts; but of these only the first, *Prometheus Bound*, has come down to us. It is, like the first movement of a symphony, complete in itself, yet creates the expectation of a resolution to come. There is very little action, only talk; but the talk ranges back over the events that brought Prometheus to be chained to a desolate mountaintop, and forward into the future, for he has the gift of prophecy.

As he stands motionless, sea birds surround and converse with him while he receives a succession of visitors. The first is Ocean, a rambling old man, a personification of the sea. He counsels submission to the will of Zeus; Prometheus rejects his advice. Next, a strange interlude: a girl appears wearing the horns of a cow. She is Io, the first of a long succession of mortal women who had the misfortune to attract the amorous gaze of Zeus; his lawful wife Hera sees to it that they all suffer. Io is driven to wander madly around the world, and Prometheus can offer her the slight consolation that she will not die until she has borne the child begotten by Zeus. This concerns him, too, for he knows that thirteen generations later a descendant of Io will be his deliverer.

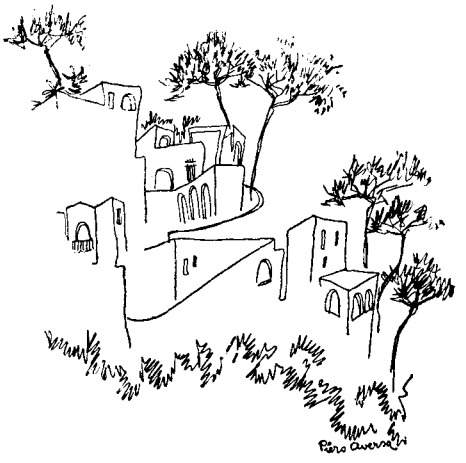
Finally the climax of the play comes with the arrival of the messenger of Zeus, Hermes, who offers Prometheus his freedom in return for a vital secret. Zeus gained his supremacy by overthrowing his father Cronus, and Cronus had treated his father Uranus likewise. Now it is fated that a son be born to Zeus who will be greater than his father; it is essential to know the name of the mother. But Prometheus will not bargain. He goes knowingly to his gruesome fate, and the play ends upon that note of gloom.

Such in bare outline is the story that Robert Lowell has not translated but recreated for us in English. He has taken a dull translation of the text and transformed it into a lyrical prose drama, reinterpreting it with his own thoughts and making it come alive in terms we can understand, free from the conventions of the Greek stage.

Mr. Lowell has introduced some touches of his own, but they seem to grow naturally out of Aeschylus's play. When the daughters of Ocean appear, they remind Prometheus that his wife, Alcyone, was one of them; he thinks he hears her coming, only to learn she has forsaken him, bribed by Zeus. "We left her," they cry, "a dot of blue, fussing with the strings of her sandals, lost in the distance." This serves to awaken our sympathy for the hero, whose crime we guiltily remember is to have helped men.

ZEUS would have wiped man out. "Why do I put up with man?" Prometheus quotes him as saying. "He cares for nothing except dirt, blood and sex." But Prometheus is proud of all he has done: "I taught men the rising and the setting of the stars. From the stars, I taught them numbers. I taught women to count their children, and men to number their murders. I gave them the alphabet."

Not everything Mr. Lowell has added is his own invention. He has tellingly introduced into Prometheus's prophecy of Io's fate an echo of Pericles's funeral speech from Thucydides, leading to a description of the defeat of the Athenian army in Sicily half a century after Aeschylus's play was written. Mr. Lowell tells us in his preface: "I think my own concerns and worries and those of the times seep in." No American needs to be reminded that he too has sent an expedition far overseas.



Prometheus is a symbol of progress, of man's inventiveness, his self-confidence; without him man would be "an animal, perhaps the slowest and least graceful, a skull with less inside it than the shell of a turtle." Yet progress is not achieved without cost. The ruthless power that opposes it is represented by Zeus, all-seeing but invisible; only his creatures and his ministers appear. "You know Zeus can't be everywhere," remarks Hermes in his off-hand manner, "but he follows everything." So progress comes into conflict with overpowering force, and only after ages of unspeakable torment is there some hope of deliverance.

Those who think the great achievements of Greek civilization are dead and buried are in for some surprises. Mr. Lowell has refurbished this one for us until it shines again as new, and as old, as ever.

Analogies in the Arts

***Inventory,** by Michel Butor, edited by Richard Howard (Simon & Schuster. 295 pp. $7.50), contains essays on literature, music and art by one of the leading exemplars of the French "new novel." Harry T. Moore is a research professor at Southern Illinois University.*

By HARRY T. MOORE

MICHEL BUTOR, best known over here as a practitioner of the *nouveau roman*, has also written numerous critical essays, from which the selections in *Inventory* have been drawn.

He does not confine himself to literature, but deals also with music and painting, chiefly in their "modernistic" aspects. One essay, however—"Music, a Realistic Art"— offers a lively defense of "program music." In "Mallarmé According to Boulez" Butor attempts a re-creation of Boulez's re-creation in music of Mallarmé's symbolistic verse "in strict relation to certain of the poet's most urgent obsessions." Butor is intensely subjective here, and if he cannot convey the quality of the music to those unacquainted with it, he makes a valiant try.

In somewhat similar fashion, but perhaps even more impressionistically, Butor scrutinizes the work of three painters, Mondrian, Pollock, and Rothko. He feels a particular closeness to Mondrian, whose right-angled paintings influenced the form of *Degrees*, the last of Butor's books that he designates as a novel. He sees Pollock as beyond the "from nature" concept of painting, and beyond the abstract "as it is prized today," which Butor finds sickening; Pollock represents "the repopulation of painting," the "habitation" of canvas. Here, how-

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ever, Butor is too brief, for he doesn't really develop his point.

The essay on Rothko has much to say about that artist's paintings for the Four Seasons Restaurant in New York. After accepting the commission and completing the work, Rothko refused to let his canvases be displayed. (Several were later exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art.) Butor raises some interesting speculations about why Rothko wouldn't let them appear at the Four Seasons. The murals are, to Butor, "an example of the tremendous destructive, purifying power of the color out of space."

The last phrase derives from the title of one of H. P. Lovecraft's fantastic tales in which Butor sees a Rothkoesque quality. This is another example of Butor's tendency to find analogies between the arts, and it also suggests his interest in science fiction, which he believes has reached a crisis it has so far not been able to surmount because of its failure to limit and unify itself. The subject is explored in "The Golden Age of Jules Verne"; Butor regards Verne as a significant writer whose work is unified and confined to what it can successfully project. Butor finds in Verne's highly colored landscapes correspondences with the work of Eluard, Lautréamont, and Max Ernst.

OTHER authors whom Butor examines are Proust, Balzac, Chateaubriand, and Apollinaire. His essays on Chateaubriand and Apollinaire will be extremely useful. The one on Proust consists of diverting conjectures about the imaginary works of art in *Remembrance of Things Past*: Vinteuil's sonata, Elstir's painting, Bergotte's writing. But the most valuable piece in this section is "Balzac and Reality." Butor points out that too many of us read only a few of the novels in *The Human Comedy* and miss the great range of Balzac's work, which foreshadowed that of Proust and Faulkner.

Butor is less interesting in his approach to the esthetic problems of fiction in general, in such chapters as "Research on the Technique of the Novel." Here he is often sententious, full of axioms and propositions, and he does not define the "new novel" as does his compatriot Alain Robbe-Grillet.

To end the book on a somewhat exotic note, the editor, Richard Howard, cuts away from pure criticism and includes one of Butor's travel essays, a brilliant evocation of Delphi. All the other pieces, except those on the painters, come from the two volumes of Butor's *Répertoire*. They show us what French readers have long had an opportunity to know: that Butor is a critic of pronounced originality, discernment, versatility, wit, and force. For those interested in the subjects he deals with, his inventory is worth investigating.

Belated Bow of Tsarist Classic

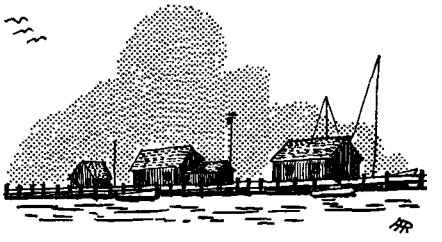
Against the Current: Selections from the Novels, Essays, Notes, and Letters of Konstantin Leontiev, *and* ***The Egyptian Dove: The Story of a Russian,*** *by Konstantin Leontiev, translated from the Russian by George Reavey, edited by George Ivask (Weybright & Talley, 286 pp. and 250 pp. $7.50 each), make available for the first time to English readers a variety of the works of a nineteenth-century novelist and critic who in some ways was in advance of his time. Ernest J. Simmons is the author of a number of biographies and critical studies of various Russian writers.*

By ERNEST J. SIMMONS

ONE WELCOMES these two translations from the writings of Konstantin Leontiev (1831-91), who, though little accepted in Russia during his lifetime, has since come to be regarded both there and abroad as something more than a minor classic. A paradoxical originality characterized his thought. It bears some resemblance to that of Carlyle, J. S. Mill, and Nietzsche; aspects of it have stirred controversy among Russian theologians and philosophers; and its prophetic attacks on the dangers of so-called progress reflect the positions of Spengler, Berdyaev, Ortega y Gasset, and not a few contemporary thinkers.

Both volumes have been well edited and introduced by Professor George Ivask, and expertly rendered into English by the poet, critic, and translator George Reavey. Since very little of Leontiev's work had been previously translated, and only a few things have been written about him in English, Professor Ivask was confronted with a formidable task in selecting the material for *Against the Current*. His solution was to organize some fairly short excerpts under three headings: "Experience," "Philosophy," and "Literary Criticism." The choices are designed to portray the whole man—his life and personality, his philosophical views and critical judgment, the brilliance of his wit and the individuality of his style at its best. The method has some merit, for Leontiev's longer didactic works are often repetitious and make for tiresome reading. Though one may cavil at the brevity of some selections, especially in the first and last divisions of the book, Professor Ivask has laudably realized his intentions.

Among the many wonderful memoirists in Russian literature, Leontiev was outstanding for the nervous vividness of his style and his unquestionable sincerity, and the first section of *Against the Current*, taken from his reminiscences as well as from letters and autobiographical material in his novels, is the most absorbing. Here are vignettes of his childhood on the Kaluga family estate; his medical studies at Moscow; his first literary efforts, which Turgenev praised; his experiences as an army doctor in the Crimean War; an unfortunate marriage; ten intellectually significant years in the Russian foreign service in the Balkans; a miraculously cured illness that helped induce a religious conversion and a stay in the Russian monastery at Mt. Athos, and his last years as a government censor, a writer, and a religious novice at Optina Monastery. From these recollections emerge the traits of a striking personality, a "transcendental egotist" and passionate romantic who was determined to live life to the full and was dedicated to a cult of narcissistic estheticism. Leontiev worshiped reason but did not believe in its infallibility. For him, he wrote, "the highest poetry and the highest politics have a deeper con-



nection than people usually think. When poetry declines, the power of the state declines likewise, and so does profound thought."

Leontiev's philosophical position, as set forth in the second part of this collection, grew out of his rejection of the democratic ideas held by popular writers, critics, and thinkers of his time. They in turn rejected him, and his published works in this field went almost unnoticed. In his application of natural science—largely biology—to the study of history Leontiev had predecessors and contemporaries. Some later theorists, such as Spengler and Toynbee, have pursued the system to considerably different conclusions. Leontiev's elaboration of the method in terms of Russian historical development, however, bears the impress of his own distinctive mind. Civilizations, he argued, like individual beings, were destined by the operation of natural law to pass through three phases of development. The initial stage of primitive simplicity was followed by the only valuable stage, a complex flowering in beautiful inequality. The third and final stage was one of dissolution and decay, in which he placed the Western Europe of his time and towards which he believed his own country was rapidly drifting.

In his *Byzantinism and Slavdom* (1875) Leontiev urged Russia's return

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to the values of the Byzantine civilization from which it had emerged. He condemned conventional progress as injurious to Christianity and esthetics, and saw positive virtues in social inequality and in a privileged, cultured class. "The state," he wrote, "should be diversified, complex, strong, class-structured, and cautiously mobile." And he declared that "everyday life should be poetic, varied in its *national* unity, and insulated from the West. . . . Science should develop in a spirit of profound contempt towards its own utility." He excoriated the hopeless conformity and dehumanization of life in Western bourgeois democracies, where man had become soft and corrupt and the mediocre majority stifled the talented minority. Leontiev prophesied that a revolution would take place first in economically backward Russia in about twenty years (he erred by some two decades) and that a tyrannical socialist society would be ruled by dictators with more power than the tsars. He further predicted that Russia would be threatened by a powerful China, and that modern technology would eventually lead to universal destruction.

One regrets that in the final section of the book, devoted to literary criticism, limitations of space permitted Professor Ivask to include only a brief excerpt from Leontiev's remarkable study *Analysis, Style, and Trends: On the Novels of Count L. N. Tolstoy*. Fortunately, this seminal work has recently appeared in complete English translation (*Essays in Russian Literature. The Conservative View: Leontiev, Rozanov, Shestov*, by Spencer E. Roberts).

AT a time when nearly all important Russian literary criticism concentrated on social significance, Leontiev was primarily concerned with Tolstoy's artistic devices and especially with the psychological motivation of his characters and his means of expression in *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*. Although he praises these novels as major contributions to world literature, he sharply attacks what he considers Tolstoy's excessive use of realistic detail in both conversation and description, a trend that Leontiev deplored in the whole nineteenth-century school of Russian realists. Many examples cited in this penetrating analysis suggest that he failed to grasp the artistic relevance of Tolstoy's "saturation realism" or its esthetic relation to the fictional genre in question. It seems to me that from an artistic point of view Leontiev weakens the force of his position when he declares (in a passage not included in *Against the Current*): "Consequently, I believe that the ancient manner of narration (a bit more from the author and.

(*Continued on page 48*)

He Who Had It All

***Mr. Bridge**, by Evan S. Connell, Jr. (Knopf. 369 pp. $5.95), unfolds in a series of vignettes a portrait of a conservative, careful, repressed, and self-righteous middle-class husband. Peter L. Sandberg teaches writing at Northeastern University in Boston.*

By PETER L. SANDBERG

TEN YEARS AGO Evan S. Connell, Jr., published a first novel entitled *Mrs. Bridge*. It consisted of 117 related vignettes in which Connell, with great skill, laid bare the privileged yet empty life of his white Protestant, upper-middle-class heroine.

India Bridge, a gentle, well-bred woman, appeared to have everything. She was married to a successful lawyer, lived in a fine home in a fashionable neighborhood, owned all the things for which she had ever expressed a desire (and many for which she had not), had a full-time maid, a circle of acquaintances, and three healthy children. Yet as the years passed India grew increasingly uneasy, suspecting that life was somehow passing her by. Her attempts to discover just when and how things had gone wrong were tentative and pathetic; to the end she remained unaware that she lacked knowledge and had always avoided the experiences that might have provided it. In effect, her comfortable life was like the womb from which she had never really emerged.

Connell's characterizations were devastating. Mrs. Bridge, her children (Ruth, Carolyn, and Douglas), and all the minor personae were brought to life in swift, accurate strokes. Walter Bridge, India's starchly conservative husband, was no exception. Once, for the sake of appearances, he grudgingly agreed to accompany her to church on Easter Sunday. It was a muggy day and during the sermon she began to feel ill:

> Mrs. Bridge felt herself swaying. She reached toward the balcony rail for support and whispered giddily that she was going to faint. Mr. Bridge had been dozing, but he woke up immediately and turned his head and glared at her severely.
>
> "Not here! Wait until we get outside," he told her in a voice that was audible throughout the balcony.
>
> "All right, I'll try," she whispered. She thought he meant to escort her outside, but apparently not, because he did not get up, and in a few minutes she realized he meant for her to wait until church was over. There was nothing to do but to try not to faint, and so she did try, and succeeded.

Mrs. Bridge was a tour de force, a well-written, bittersweet book in which the author's despair for the fate of his people was nicely balanced by his love for them.

Now, ten years and several books later, Connell has returned to the materials of his early success. In *Mr. Bridge* the characters are the same, as is the technique, but this time the spotlight is trained on the husband. Walter Bridge unfolds, predictably, as a careful, no-nonsense, nose-to-the-grindstone authoritarian who is also, albeit unwittingly, self-righteous, bigoted and uncommunicative; a man who would like to tell his wife he loves her but does not know how to begin; who can express his affection for his offspring only by buying them things. He is a counter of securities, a sexually repressed, dogmatic man who believes with some satisfaction that all men are not created equal.

Unhappily, neither are all books. The vignettes in *Mr. Bridge* are readable, often insightful, sometimes brilliant; but they lack the consistent precision and dazzle of the earlier work. The story itself has less of a cumulative effect. What is more, something has gone awry with the characters: Carolyn is simply unpleasant, Douglas annoying, Ruth enigmatic. India Bridge scarcely materializes at all, and Walter is often little more than a man to be pitied. The humor and compassion that infused Connell's first book are evidenced here in fits and starts. The wine has soured, not much, but enough to make a difference.

Taken alone, *Mr. Bridge* is not a bad book, in spite of its defects. But it is not as good a novel as the one with which it will inevitably be compared.

The Professor and the Swinger: By snipping his new novel, *An American Marriage* (Macmillan, $6.95), into parts and scrambling them chronologically, Hilary Masters attempts to make its substance appear more portentous than it is. Alas, mere flashbackery cannot heighten drama, deepen character, or broaden meaning. If they are not there, technique cannot make it seem that they are.

After this mangled chassis has been put through the body shop to be pounded into shape we are left with, at best, a tender examination of a slightly unconventional marriage and, at worst, a stale attempt at a Jamesian contrast be-

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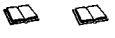
tween Old and New World attitudes. Mr. Masters annoys us, too, by being coy about the identity of his European setting. (The names and the dialect suggest Dublin.)

The story concerns Hamilton Phillips, a thirtyish history professor at an exclusive women's college, who has an affair with and then marries one of his students, eighteen-year-old swinger Patricia Gates. This scandalous behavior ruins Phillips's academic career in the U.S. At a small European college the newlyweds, now expecting a child, join a rather pathetic little group of Americans in exile and come into conflict with the anti-Americanism of their European colleagues.

The plot is fleshed out with the tender details of the Phillips's romance and marriage, and with incidents that provide bulk but little substance: Ham and Pat's participation in a civil rights march in the South; Pat's melodramatic tale of her attempts to learn the identity of her father; the antagonism stirred up between Americans and Europeans when the Phillipses charge that their spinster housekeeper has stolen some of their belongings.

I found this a difficult novel to return to whenever I had put it aside. There was no point in the book when the author had stimulated my curiosity sufficiently to make me really care how it would end. It does end, of course (with that popular device, a bit of non-resolution to imply that life goes on), but all I felt was a mild relief.

—Joseph Haas.



Sated and Untidy Souls: In *Supper with the Borgias* (Little, Brown, $5.95), Richard Jones's acerbic novel of unadulterated bitchery among a group of British and Arabs in North Africa, Neville de Vries says of a friend, "He's a rather tenebrous creature, really. His soul is full of unswept corners. I'd like to know what makes him tick." Mr. Jones must have felt the same way about all his characters, and when he is finished exploring them the dust of the unswept corners has become a little pile of ashes of all their hopes and ambitions.

The story opens with the return of Neville and his sister Rhoda to the fictional city of Baida, where Rhoda's husband (always referred to simply as The Consort) is British consul. Through a friend, Paul Brophy, Neville becomes involved with MEDOC (Middle East Documentary Centre), one of those vague foundation-spawned organizations that provide juicy jobs overseas for the relatively incompetent. Neville is utterly amoral, parched for feeling, willing to dabble in any office intrigue or sexual adventure calculated to shock the boredom of his aimless life. Only Rhoda appreciates the subtleties of his maneuvers, and between them brother and sister manage to destroy not only their own lives but those of most of their friends in a ruthless quest for sensation.

Mr. Jones, the author of *The Three Suitors*, joins the group of writers who have attempted to take up where Somerset Maugham left off in the dissection of English and native character. At its best his prose has the dry bite of a good martini, but like that drink it becomes deadly in large doses. He tries too hard to be constantly witty, constantly sophisticated.

It takes more incisive cleverness than Mr. Jones displays to make an anti-hero continuously interesting, even in this day when the type is fashionable. What this novel lacks is a single character about whom the reader can care. Cocktail party scandal and office intrigue are much the same whether set against the exotic blue skies of North Africa or the soot of London, and become tiresome unless the author is very amusing indeed or the reader is allowed someone with whom he can sympathize. Mr. Jones is merciless in his dislike of Arabs, English and colonials, all of whom he sees as dreaming of past glories or present self-aggrandizement. *Supper with the Borgias* is a one-dish meal that leaves a bitter taste. —Elizabeth Easton.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1343

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1343 will be found in the next issue.

DNNOB FZS FVRFQB MGS DSM-

MSZ ANZ UNM DSXUY ZSFP.

VNNO FM NWZ KVFBBXKB.

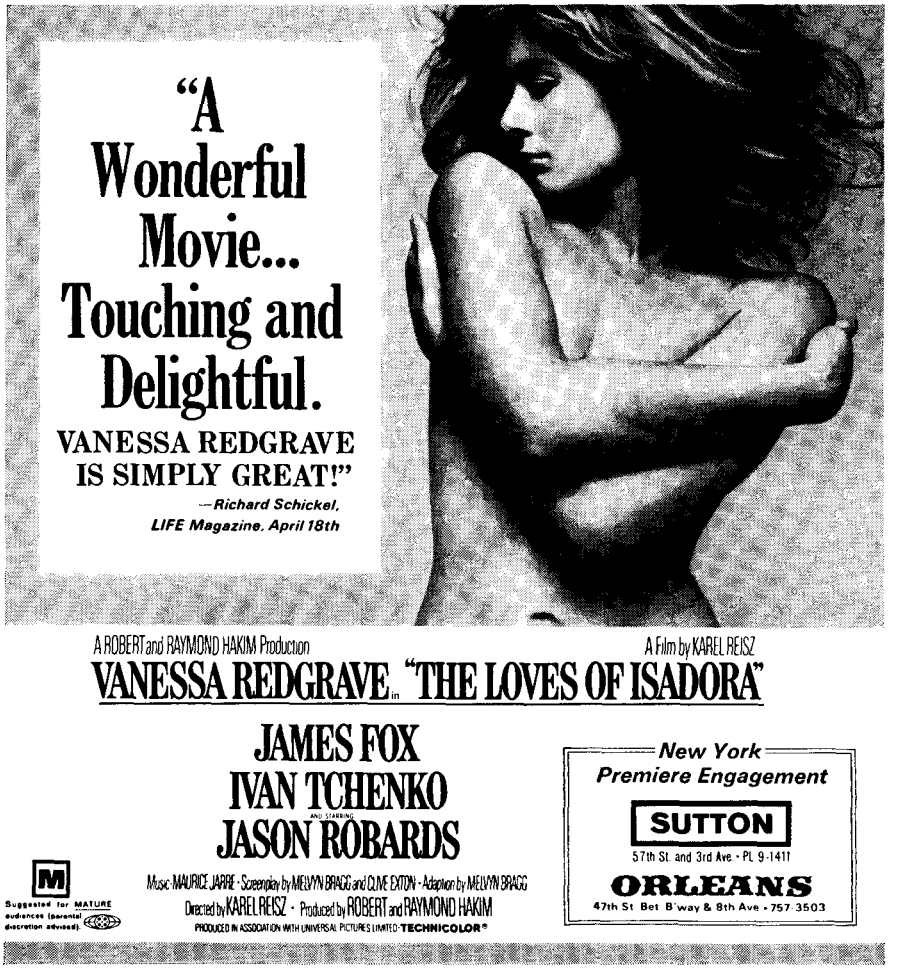
—YSNZYS DSZUFZP BGFR

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1342

Oath: in law, a solemn appeal to the deity, made binding upon the conscience by a penalty for perjury.
—Ambrose Bierce.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

Column 1: 1G, 2H, 3A, 4F, 5C, 6B, 7E, 8d, 9D, 10a. Column 2: Ab, Bd, Ca, Da, Ec, Fd, Ga, Hc.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Edited by David Butwin

Duel in the Acapulco Sun

IF SUN WORSHIP ever goes out of style, if the great god Ra decides to wreak vengeance on the unfaithful by casting his rays elsewhere, Acapulco will be in trouble. Acapulco without sun would be Aspen without snow, or worse, Green Bay without the Packers.

I pity the person who goes to Acapulco in search of peaceful, hammock-swinging relaxation (unless, of course, he has a condominium tucked away in the hills, or a velvety yacht anchored far out in the bay). Acapulco's elements can hit the uninitiate with blaring insistence—the sun, glaring, defying, driving all but the brave for cover; the non-stop cacophony of unmuffled cars, buses, and trucks rodding down the Alemán, Acapulco's waterfront thoroughfare; the staccato spieling of passing vendors, hawking their baskets, hats, serapes, ponchos, shoeshines, trooping by so steadily that a visitor soon feels his head negatively shaking back and forth.

Some of this havoc can be muted if the tourist chooses to stay at one of the plush hotels along the Alemán, such as the Presidente or the Hilton, which are better fortified against the incessant bursting of automotive exhaust, and which are planted with enough palms to provide substantial shade. If one elects, however, to save some pesos and put up at a humbler tower such as the Ritz, one must be willing to live with the elements. A devout sun worshiper would find the Ritz perfectly satisfying, its large swimming pool beckoning just a few paces from the lobby, the defiant beach lying beyond. At night, I left my windows open to pit the crashing surf against the roadway thunder, and the two seemed rather to negate each other.

I had expected Acapulco's jet-set clientele to have commanded twenty-four hour, "*Si-señor*" service at newer beachfront hotels like the Ritz, but I was surprised to discover the *mañana* style still in effect. Returning to the hotel at 11:45 one night, I found the bar empty, the pool silent (no midnight water antics in Acapulco on a Friday night?), the desk clerk alone. I asked if he could scare up a drink, at least a Coke with ice, and he looked confounded. Finally, he directed me to a late-closing grocery store across the street so I could buy a soft drink while he went off to search for ice. ("Maybe a little bit I can bring you," he said.) Five minutes after I'd repaired to my room, pondering the warm Coke and praying for the ice's deliverance, the clerk appeared. He had scored. I opened the bottle, opened the window, and took in the symphony of traffic and tide.

I am proud to report that the sun was unable to break me. For years, I have scoffed at those advisers who warned me to limit the first day's exposure to twenty minutes, to bathe in Solarcaine at night. I have not yet found a way to get tan without first burning red, a sequence I followed religiously in Mexico. I will admit that Acapulco's late March sun nearly caused me to commit the sun worshiper's sacrilege, that of going to the sidelines before 5 o'clock. I sat it out, though, heaping on layer after layer of goo.

There are said to be twenty-three separate and distinct beaches in and around Acapulco. I sampled Playa Hornos (Afternoon Beach), which stretches along the Alemán past the Ritz and Hilton; Playa Caleta (Morning Beach), less turbulent and therefore more crowded, and Pie de la Cuesta (Sunset Beach), to which busloads of tourists are borne late in the afternoon to watch fiery sunsets over the water. A true sun lover will divide his time between Morning, Afternoon, and Sunset Beaches, a ritual I managed to observe once or twice.

Caleta is staked out by a dozen or more beachboys, who seek to convince sun bathers that they will have difficulty surviving the day without renting straw mats and ordering huge schooners of tropical drinks. The Mexicans themselves seem to favor Caleta, probably because there are so many thatched umbrellas arrayed against the sun, renting for three pesos. It is mostly the gringos who dare to take the sun unfiltered. I did see a trio of American tourists—two young business types and a woman—duck under an umbrella. When a beachboy appeared and asked for the 25-cent fee, one of the men guffawed in his face. "For this?" he gasped, and turning to his friends: "Let's go back to the hotel." It may seem outrageous to have to buy a spot of shade, but it is the price one must pay in Mexico to gain a measure of convenience. Where there is less pitching, there is less plumbing, less transportation, less hygiene. It surprised me, however, to see beachboys extracting three pesos from hotel guests who sought similar refuge on the beaches in front of their own hotels. They are good enough to warn you, by the way, to

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leave a towel or some sign of occupancy under the thatched parasol if you wander off, else your property rights will be waived.

On the day before leaving Acapulco, my head growing weary of shaking off street vendors, I finally said "*Si*" to a little boy with a shoeshine kit who approached me in an outdoor restaurant. I made the mistake, though, of turning down his companion, who had asked first (my decision coming in the moment before the second boy appeared). Number One boy assailed me with a glare that penetrated to the center of my heart. I could see the combination of hurt and scorn burning in his dark eyes. Clearly I had violated one of the traveler's Ten Commandments: Thou shalt not submit to a shoeshine boy after having refused his colleague. "Okay," I said quickly, "one peso for each," and offered a shoe to each boy. Mercifully, Number One turned off the heat.

Sidewalk cafés and restaurants are among my favorite roosting places abroad, but in Acapulco I found the traffic clamor interfering with my enjoyment of the passing scenery. I was eating dinner in a seafood restaurant not five paces from the Alemán one night, straining to hear my companion's conversation, when a smiling apparition appeared on the sidewalk. It was my old dentist from St. Paul. We all retired to the Swiss Chalet, which is also outdoors but far enough away from the road for one to distinguish the mariachi band from the other night sounds. I mention this meeting mainly to point up what I consider a grand emergence of symbolism. What better place to meet one's dentist but in the teeth-jarring racket of Main Street, Acapulco.

At the risk of being drummed out of Sun Lovers International, I admit it was with some relief that I left Acapulco one morning for the higher, cooler, (saner?) environs of Mexico City. I refer mostly to a physical relief, for the sun had taken its toll. We who worship Ra cannot countenance suffering from sunburn, so it was best that I left before my skin began to sizzle.

Mexico City is forty-five minutes away on an Aeronaves jet (fifteen flights daily, $16.16 one way), but I took the overland route with Greyhound. For years, Greyhound has been running round-trip package tours of Mexico from both San Antonio and San Francisco, relying heavily on the rocking-chair set to fill up the buses. Recognizing that students and working people can't devote so much time (twelve days from San Antonio, twenty from San Francisco), Greyhound has scheduled a half-dozen shorter tours within Mexico, and has also made it possible to hop on and off the longer routes as the tourist pleases. Whether riding for two days or twenty, a passenger ends up paying about $24 a day, which generally includes two meals daily, a surprisingly high-grade hotel, and a guide to point out the sights.

It didn't take long in Mexico City to see that the 1968 Olympic Games are all but forgotten, so intense and thoroughgoing are preparations for the 1970 World Cup, soccer's quadrennial test of international supremacy. Doubtless the Cup will draw larger (and certainly more rapt) attendance than the Olympics, both from Mexico and abroad. If the Olympics failed to excite Mexico's interest in such ancient athletic endeavors as throwing platters and running around in circles, the very thought of playing host to the World Cup has the Mexicans jumping like their beans. Soccer is the national passion. From May 31 to June 26 next year, all else will stop.

The sport as it should be played can be seen on Sunday afternoons at Aztec Stadium, a great sweeping oval fitted with 104,000 seats, hundreds of colorfully designed (though not oppressive) billboards, and a deep-green turf that tempts the weekend athlete to take a romp. There was no game scheduled the Sunday I was in town, but I got a taste of Mexico's football fever while lolling about Chapultepec Park, which rambles over 2,200 acres of woods, lakes, hillside, and green. Hardly a boy (or man) enters the park without a soccer ball in hand. Kids too young to join pick-up games kick the ball around with mother or father. Watching a fast-paced game, I was impressed not only with their nimble moves but with their unstinting good humor. It surprises a product of the give-no-quarter American sandlot system to behold a Mexican boy running at top speed, trip over an opponent's foot, fall hard to the ground, and come up laughing.

I spent considerable time strolling through the nearby Modern Art Museum and National Anthropological Museum which are as impressive for their architecture as for the treasures they hold. Both were designed by Pedro Ramirez Vázquez, who also laid out the Aztec Stadium but may be best remembered as architect of the 1968 Olympics which he, as chairman, helped to save from disaster.

I hesitate to reveal that on Sunday night I passed up a chance to see the Folklorico Ballet in favor of squeezing into an ornate, cavernous movie hall with a capacity crowd of perhaps 1,500 to watch a Frank Sinatra film, *The Detective,* with Spanish subtitles. I often go to movies abroad, because it is a good way to catch up on the American ones you've missed, or to see the foreign ones before they're exported, and it isn't a bad way to bone up on languages. For months, I was one-up on the zealous New York movie-going public, having seen *I Am Curious (Yellow)*

—Marilu Pease (Monkmeyer).

Mexico City's Chapultepec Park—"Hardly a boy enters . . . without a soccer ball in hand."

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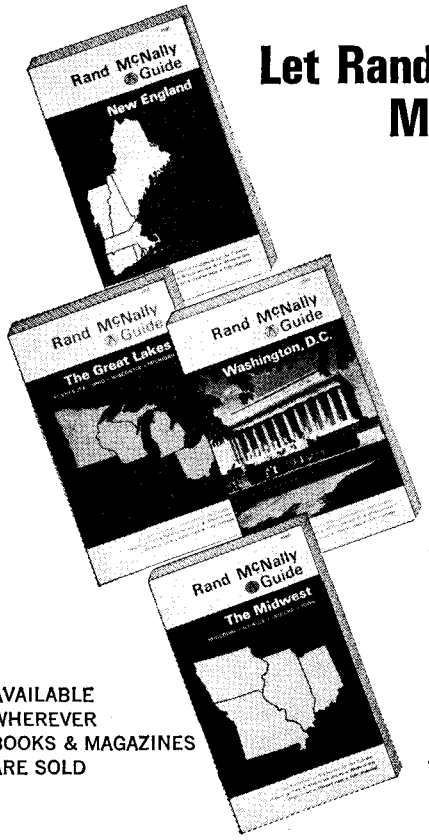

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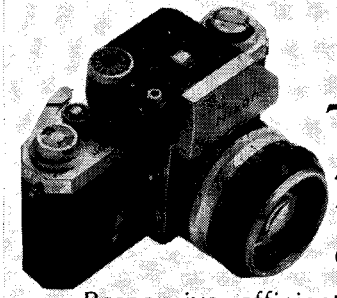

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in Stockholm late in 1967, a time when the film was too hot even for Denmark.

Simply being in a movie theater can shed some light on a people's cultural habits and behavior. At *Yellow*, for example, the Swedes watched with stony raptness, seldom joining me in muffled laughter. The Mexicans were full of fire, hooting and cheering Sinatra's actions, whistling, whispering, shifting. The heartiest response came when a New York policeman, desperately trying to track down a murder suspect, declares: "He's probably all the way to Mexico." I can still feel the theater quaking with laughter. —D.B.

Countdown

By Samuel Hazo

KNEELING at groundzero,
pilgrims are kissing bright
the bolted star where Christ
first breathed in Bethlehem.
Upstairs, a priest passes
a dish for coppers he will pocket.

Eleusis, Mecca, Rome . . .
Each revelation breeds
believers and a shrine
where Chaucer's pardoner
can pawn the "pigges bones"
of hope. I've had enough

of this museum-faith
that sucks on history.
A birth or death can happen
anywhere. Why monument
a saving accident
or date the centuries

from Christ's or anybody's
coming? Let the hawkers
work or starve. I choose
the odds that stay at odds
with memory. Under
the warhead sky, the cities

bloom with dandelion
shrines to martyrs, riots,
battles, concentration camps,
assassinations, guilt.
Displays in Hiroshima
show one bomb's effect

on hair and bottlecaps
preserved, identified
and mounted on a board
like moths. For what? Who needs
memorials to prove
that all the years add up

to now, that nowhere needs
remembering but here?
The joke's on God. Defenders
of his name are counting down
to zero and the last ascensions.
The dead keep burying the dead.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

An Evening of Jean Cocteau, Plus Honegger and Poulenc

THE RANGE as well as the quality of Jean Cocteau's theatrical talents were aptly exemplified at their latest New York showing in mid-April. This was not in a Broadway or an Off-Broadway playhouse, but in the auditorium of The Juilliard School, where The Juilliard Opera Theater concluded its season with Cocteau's ideas on *Antigone* and *La Voix Humaine* as embellished by Arthur Honegger and Francis Poulenc.

Minus Cocteau, there might have been an *Antigone* from Honegger (as there have been from composers as various as Mendelssohn and Patrick Hadley). But without Cocteau, it is hardly thinkable that there would have been anything like *La Voix Humaine* from Poulenc (and, perhaps, not a work of Gian Carlo Menotti called *The Telephone*). Cocteau's pitilessly probing psychodrama of a woman whose last contact with the lover she has lost is the telephone (to which she clings in the hope that it will, somehow, bring him back) is as individual in its sensitivities as it is controlled in its exposition. It is that thing for which the French invented the term tour de force: a show of strength in promoting a one-way conversation to a multi-dimensional dramatic experience.

As a monodrama for the spoken stage, *La Voix Humaine* was in being for three-and-a-half decades without finding a musical mate. Then, and it must be considered one of the inspired ideas of our time, it found a divinely decreed one. Francis Poulenc had barely more than half a decade of life left to him when he enthusiastically embraced this project (a suggestion of his publisher, Ricordi, in 1958). What he gave back to the impulse in Cocteau's "*femme jeune et élégante*" (as the composer described her in a prefatory note) is at once tender and tough, sadly funny, and, eventually, despairingly true to its title.

For the total outcome of such possibilities, *La Voix Humaine* cries out for not only a voice of means but also an artist of experience and depth. These, clearly, are not the credentials to be expected from people at the Juilliard level, however talented. At the performances in French, Barbara Shuttleworth was The Woman; at the other pair, utilizing Joseph Machlis's English version, she was played by Omega Milbourne.

It was a pleasure to make the acquaintance of Miss Milbourne, a tall, slim, dark-complexioned soprano of obviously superior talents. Poulenc's utilization of half-spoken, half-sung passages as bridges to an occasional full-formed vocal outcry left some doubt, for a while, about Miss Milbourne's legitimate singing category. Taken altogether, she left the impression of a potentially fine *spinto* sound, with a nice sheen of resonance. Her word articulation was good, and there was considerable emotional resource implied, if not always revealed.

Some part of this insufficiency might be attributed to the absurdly moving direction of Osvaldo Riofrancos—"moving" in the wrong sense of propelling the performer back and forth across the stage, rather than probing below the emotion of the music. This was not only a wearisome burden for a woman engaged in a forty-minute stint of vocalization, but also at variance with the results Poulenc intended to be accomplished by musical means rather than choreographic. Very likely, Miss Milbourne is not yet ready to achieve these results on her own, but the issue could have been joined more squarely than it was. The name is Omega Milbourne. She will be heard from again.

Also certain to be heard from again is Rose Taylor, the Antigone in three of the four performances in the sequence (once in French and twice in George Mead's English version). A strikingly handsome young woman with a clear, rich soprano sound, Miss Taylor could have a brilliant future in lyric-dramatic roles. Her problem, too, was a difficult one, for it was Honegger's preference in this instance to develop an instrumental element which often goes its own way against the semi-declamatory treatment of the voices. At the outset it was absorbing, but eventually the dryness and lack of juice in the vocal line left the ear disengaged. A truly powerful personality might overcome that deficiency; Miss Taylor, not yet of such stature, gave it everything she had, which is considerable.

For all of that, one came away with a sense of Sophocles as well as Cocteau and Honegger, thanks to the clean, purposeful staging of John Houseman and the well shaped playing of the orchestra under Jean Morel's direction (though his Poulenc, to this taste, was more than a little languid and drawn out). In addition to Miss Taylor's luminous talents, the English-version *Antigone* brought to light a strong sound from Sung Sook Lee as Ismene and a particularly credible Hemon from a tall, good-looking baritone named Alan Titus, who may have the makings of a heroic tenor. Other principals were James Selway as Tiresias, Robert Jones as Creon, and Barbara Martin as Euridice. The simple, pipe-supported setting was designed by Douglas Schmidt.

For Robert Nagy, who started his career at the old Met in 1958 (as the gardener in *La Traviata*, a part so brief that one who bends over to pick up a dropped program might miss it), it has been a long climb from messengers and camp followers, servants and subalterns to the high estate of a leading role. He finally attained that objective in the last week of the Metropolitan season, when Jon Vickers reported unable to perform as Peter Grimes. This put the issue to Nagy, who responded with an effort both steady and secure, and strong enough to support the importance Benjamin Britten placed on this central figure of his drama.

The size of Nagy's voice has more than once been remarked on in these columns; more to the point was the quality it conveyed when he didn't push or overproject. This must be construed as a miscalculation of its penetrating power, for it can easily override anything in the scoring, even when used at less than full volume. Also, a tendency toward black-and-white dramatic values (too few shadings even of gray) should come into better focus with more—and less impromptu—exposure. Certainly the second half of Nagy's career should be more interesting for him than the first.

Phyllis Curtin characterized her Ellen Orford well, and vocalized it appealingly (in a cast otherwise as it has been since the work was first given in this theater). That it was, in all, perhaps the best performance ever given of *Peter Grimes* in this city could be attributed to the combination of an able cast, Tyrone Guthrie's direction, and the knowledge, poise, and fervor in Colin Davis's conducting.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Martha Graham lends her crowns to four different ladies—Helen McGehee, Matt Turney, Linda Hodes, and Mary Hinkson—"to test their right to rule."

At Seventy-five, a New "Frontier"

"PALM BEACH," said Martha Graham, as she swirled a shimmering, shining, almost iridescent—black, white, wine-red—cape around her, "is furthest from my mind." The great American dance star was saying that she has no intention of retiring, but she was willing to admit and to accept the changes that the passage of time dictates. On May 11, she will be seventy-five years old. Her face retains its austere, but exotic, beauty; her body, a trifle heavier than a season or so ago, would be the envy of any young matron; her smile, quite simply, dazzles.

But the leg does not sweep ear-high as it once did; rising from prone to upright is not as easy as it once was; the famous slide-split-fall, executed simultaneously in multiple action, is almost gone. Martha Graham knows this, for she knows the body perhaps better than any doctor, surgeon, or anatomist in the world. She knows it, she understands it, and she cherishes it. Only *she* would say in teaching a dance class, pressing her hand against the back of a teen-age lad who was laboring hard but without sensitivity, "My child, my child, remember the divinity of your spine. It is *your* tree of life." Only *she*, watching a sweating body doing stretches on the floor, would say, "You are sitting now, but I want to see the *promise* of flight in your body."

At seventy-five, she is well aware that the promise of expanded movement is over. At her most resentful, she will growl, "I hate age!" At her most resigned, she will say, "I do not always dance now—I perform." In her Broadway season, which ended recently at the New York City Center, a good many "Graham" roles moved on to the next generation. She didn't like it at all and said so: "It is not pleasurable—in fact, it is painful to me—but it is inevitable."

Miss Graham, very tiny, dark-haired, soft-spoken, and so dynamic that she can light up a room (as well as the stage) with her presence, does not "relinquish" a role; rather she thinks of it as a transfer, "a transference of time." And this is as it should be, for the Graham choreographic masterpieces have never been subject to time as the ordinary mortal knows it—hers has always been the "instant" which is the core of a life, of an experience. So, Martha Graham chose *not* to pass on her fabulous galaxy of heroines to her younger dancers. What she did was to lend them her crowns, as if to test their right to rule; if you look at the accompanying photograph, you will see four different crowns for four different ladies, which she herself once wore, placed upon the heads she designated. There you will find, among others, Phaedra and Medea.

Martha Graham herself will follow the dictates of that body she knows so well. If, reluctantly but wisely, she has transferred certain dance portrayals to others, she is determined to explore "advancements into other areas," and to "extend myself into new arenas." She will certainly not retire to Palm Beach.

What are your own memories of Martha Graham, dancer? Maybe your parents, or even grandparents, remember her battling to protect her virtue against the advances of an emperor in the Toltec dance-drama, *Xochitl*, created for her fifty years ago by Ted Shawn, who often danced it with her and who suffered cuts and contusions from her vigorous defense of the Toltec maiden's virginity.

Perhaps the images are of the completely dedicated Virgin in *Primitive Mysteries*; the Little Tippler who was "leaning against the sun" in the Emily Dickinson-inspired *Letter to the World*; the Bride, who cradled invisible children in her arms, blessed the threshold of a pioneer's house by rolling over it with her entire body in *Appalachian Spring*; Jocasta, leg rushing skyward, as she

Miss Graham in Ted Shawn's Toltec dance-drama, *Xochitl*, in which she toured as a Denishawn dancer from coast to coast in 1921—"battling to protect her virtue."

The dancer-choreographer in the role of Mary, Queen of Scots, in *Episodes*, co-choreographed with George Balanchine and produced by New York City Ballet.

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gave a cry from the loins for the enormity of her sin; Medea ablaze; Phaedra lusting for the body of a youth; the faithful Wife waiting endlessly on a New England beach (and Miss Graham herself is a descendant of John Alden) for the husband who never returns in *Salem Shore*. I often think of seeing her, as I did as a college boy, in *Frontier*. She stood with one leg raised high and placed on a fragment of a fence. Slowly, her upper body turned, the faintest smile touched her lips, and, with that dual gesture of motion and smile, she showed us not only a geographical frontier seen by the eyes, but a promise of tomorrows envisioned by the heart.

I shall always remember what Emily Coleman, long the distinguished dance-music critic of *Newsweek*, once said to me as we were leaving a Graham performance: "It isn't important that Martha danced so brilliantly tonight or that she gave us another new piece. The important thing is that she *makes* us look at dance as we've never looked at it before, and that what she *does* is not just in her concert but influences the *whole* American theater."

Martha Graham, vigorous, beautiful, intensely creative, quite wild, sexy, and lovely at seventy-five, has simply passed a new milestone. Her next "Frontier," appropriately, lies ahead.

WIT TWISTER #110

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

"Who _ _ _ _ _ _ enter here," the sybil said,
"Incurreth _ _ _ _ _ _ of the gods who reign.
"No _ _ _ _ _ _ of curses shall weigh down his head,
"Until life's _ _ _ _ _ _ shall part to end his pain!"

—Contributed by MARION G. BRODSON.

(*Answer on page* 48)

SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Oh, Isadora!

THERE OUGHT TO BE a reason for doing a film biography of Isadora Duncan, and, as far as one can judge from *The Loves of Isadora* in its present considerably shortened length, the reason was her flamboyant love life. Cut down by some forty minutes, the film now concentrates principally on Isadora's affairs with Gordon Craig and Paris Singer, and her marriage to the mad Russian poet, Sergei Essenin. I rather suspect that what was left out might have helped; certainly a synopsis of the earlier version indicates that several events in her life were covered that are now left as merely large, unexplained gaps.

But the largest gap of all is in that area of motive. Why should we have a film about Isadora unless we are given some reason for her importance? If not now, at least then. Any examination of her foreshortened life story can provide several of those reasons. Perhaps the most important is the revolutionary effect she had on the art of dance. Her life style, too, was deeply tied up in the feminist revolution. The political ideas she espoused can be dismissed as naïve, but her ideas about art impressed some people at the time, even though they might now strike us as gloriously phony, impossibly pretentious. It was Isadora as dancer and personality that made her interesting; far less was her love life.

So the film is off on the wrong tack (perhaps not from the beginning, for Karel Reisz is a serious and sensitive director, who must indeed have been aware of all that Isadora represented), and, for all of Vanessa Redgrave's efforts to portray her honestly, Isadora escapes. There are still hardy devotees of Isadora Duncan who would say that the lady herself willed it so, and one of them even pointed out to me that Miss Redgrave suffered a broken toe while attempting to perform the film's dances. The implication being that the accident was supernaturally arranged.

There was very little record left of Isadora's dancing. A good many drawings and some photographs exist, and Miss Redgrave claims to have seen a few minutes of a scratchy Russian film on which she has based her own interpretations. But, strangely, Isadora, for all her fame, was loathe to appear before a film camera. She wanted her methods and ideas about dance, art, and life carried on, but this was to be done through her pupils, to whom she devoted enormous amounts of her energies and earnings. Miss Redgrave's attempts to approximate Isadora's dancing are earnest, but, I am sorry to report, rather pathetic. It is here that the film falls flat on its often attractive face. If the electrifying effect that Isadora had on her audiences could have been implied somehow on the screen, we would have understood her more and been more affected by her tragedy.

As constructed by Melvyn Bragg and Clive Exton, we first meet Isadora near the end of her life, a raddled but still defiant wreck, and from there we retreat to her beginnings—not in San Francisco, but in Chicago, where she must perform a cancan (a silly, crude sequence that should have been omitted, since Miss Redgrave hardly looks like a nubile teen-ager), and from there to her emergence in England as an artist. From time to time, back we go to the Riviera, where Isadora is trying to compose the story of her life. An attempt has been made to stay true to the facts, but there were too many facts, and the selection has not always been apt. Obviously, her grand love, Gordon Craig, had to be included, and the macabre death by drowning of her two illegitimate children, one by Craig, the other by the millionaire (and already married) Paris Singer. And eventually, her startling death by way of a long scarf that wound itself around the rear wheel of an open car.

What is not in the film is what might have given it life. Isadora's lovers were far more multifarious than the film implies (one raconteur told of an entire Italian boxing team she entertained during a trip to Argentina); the coterie that surrounded her included some of the world's most august artistic names; her concerts were regarded for many years as important cultural events. She shocked, she charmed, she convinced. She was, in her way, a titan figure. And this is what the film does not give us. Admittedly, Reisz took on a large order in Isadora. So did Vanessa Redgrave. She has moments of charm, but it is quite possible she is miscast. Certainly James Fox is as Gordon Craig. As Singer, Jason Robards, Jr., plays a stock millionaire, and as Essenin, Ivan Tchenko is simply awful. Too bad. Isadora deserved better. All that was necessary for a scenario was the brief John Dos Passos biography in *U.S.A.* In a couple of thousand words it tells us far more than the movie does.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Building Constituencies

THE CORPORATION for Public Broadcasting comes up for review in Congress on April 29-30, and friends of public broadcasting (formerly educational television and radio) are depressed; only a miracle, they say, can save the cause from limping along for another year with a beggar's bowl and frustrated hopes. The Senate communications subcommittee, chaired by Senator John O. Pastore, will hold hearings on amendments to the Public Broadcasting Act of 1967, which would appropriate $20,000,000 to CPB for fiscal 1970. But on the Hill, at the White House, or in the new Washington headquarters of the Corporation, no one really expects that the designated sum will be authorized. CPB will be lucky, insiders predict, if it eventually comes away with $5,000,000. With the Congress and the new Administration on an economy kick; with $4 billion being slashed from the federal budget; above all, with the Vietnam war bleeding the nation's treasury—a public broadcasting system is very low on the national priority list.

Brave noises, nevertheless, will be made by the Senate hearings witnesses—strong pleas for the unfolding of long-range funding plans for public broadcasting, which were promised by the last Administration, and which are now being "restudied" by the Nixon team. The bravest of these will be the presentation by Dr. Dick Netzer, head of the Department of Economics, New York University, of his special report prepared for the National Citizens Committee for Broadcasting, urging chiefly that a trust fund be established to support CPB. This fund would be fed by an annual gross receipts tax on commercial broadcasters, at a 4 per cent rate, and could possibly yield more than $120 million a year.

Dr. Netzer's report is admirable for its comprehensive, reasoned examination of federal taxing as well as non-governmental alternatives for the support of CPB. It examines eleven proposed revenue sources, including pay-TV, a tax on television advertising, and the Ford Foundation's domestic satellite plan; it evaluates all by criteria of adequacy of yield, year-to-year stability, long-term growth, regressivity, and other economic effects. In the end, it offers a diversified package of basic and supplementary support sources, which is worth taking seriously, but in the opinion of political realists it hasn't a chance. Nonetheless, the Citizens Committee intends to back the Netzer plan with moral force, urging that the nation desperately needs an independent, viable broadcasting alternative to commercial broadcasting's routine offerings of "space and death."

The irony of it all is that the CPB recently has emerged as a dominant, possibly a vigorous, force in public broadcasting. It finally has in its president, John W. Macy, Jr., an experienced civil servant highly regarded by politicians; it is staffed with personnel eager to show what they can do if properly funded. Mr. Macy may propose a more modest device to the Congress whereby the federal government would match funds produced by non-governmental sources. Even that will have low acceptability. "No one has any brilliant ideas," one observer has commented. The broadcasting industry will stoutly oppose any taxes leveled at it; the Treasury Department is opposed to any dedicated tax formula.

The problem for public broadcasting is that it lacks a constituency. The professionals and their friends hold annual dialogues with the Congress, but public TV constitutes "less than 10 per cent of total broadcasting service, usually to little more than 5 per cent of the total broadcasting audience." The politicians ask: "Whom do you represent—a cultural minority or the broad masses?" Only a miracle could supply the necessary constituency. On reflection, however, Mr. Macy would find that he has tools to help produce the miracle—public broadcasting stations in local communities waiting to play a role in the examination of crucial issues. A beginning could be made with the problem of how to finance public broadcasting. Instead of singing the beggar's jingle between programs, why couldn't the stations regularly present programs in which entire towns could participate in discussions of the various proposals? Universities could offer resource experts to help illuminate the issues; commercial broadcasters could be invited to present their arguments; and representative citizens, after being really enlightened, could then make symbolic choices by vote.

The people would, in effect, be involved in grass-roots decision-making, and nothing is more educational than decision-making in public. A model for the procedure is on record in a former fund for an adult education (Ford Foundation) experiment in Iowa, a series of programs, *The Whole Town's Talking,* which successfully aroused many communities to democratic involvement and enlightened action. The fundamental notion in this arrangement is that public broadcasting need not be a special service for a cultural elite (although an intelligent use of the spectrum would provide even that); a program can be used, not as an end in itself, but as a glamour device for the involvement of people, at all levels, in the business of well considered choices. The excitement level of the device is demonstrably high. It could, in the absence of any other "brilliant ideas," produce a constituency.

"So, Harry, ESP is just a lot of twaddle!"

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Castro

Continued from page 25

as part of a long-term trade agreement and as debt payment for the goods Russia ships to Cuba. Red China and other Communist nations are to get an additional 1,000,000 tons, while home consumption will absorb 400,000 tons. Thus, Castro will have about 2,000,000 tons of sugar to sell on the free world market.

Cuba had an unexpected bonanza in 1963 when the free world sugar price rocketed to more than eleven cents a pound—against a current price of about four cents a pound—earning Castro the badly needed hard currency with which he was able to buy a 900-vehicle fleet of English-made buses which are still the backbone of the Cuban public transportation system.

Another priority in Cuba's economy is the livestock-breeding program. Castro's pride and joy is a great three-year-old show bull named Black Velvet, which Cuba bought from Canada for $100,000. The bull was specially airlifted to the island. Of Black Velvet, Castro asserts: "I have something to say to the enemy—he is fabulous, incredible. With this bull, we can inseminate 15,000 cows a year!" Some 3,000 "artificial inseminators" are now in training in Cuba.

According to diplomatic sources, about three million of Cuba's eight million citizens solidly support the Castro régime. Generally, these are the former landless farm workers, the Negroes, the Communist-indoctrinated young Cubans—those who have benefited the most.

Thus, Matthews is right when he observes that "all rural children in Cuba are now going to school and being clothed and fed." He is equally accurate when he asserts that "Cuban Negroes now, for the first time in the history of the island, have equality."

And there is pertinence in his questions: "Will a government of Cuban exiles, installed by Washington, send them back to hovels and take the shoes off their feet? Will a counterrevolutionary government force a return to the previous inferior status [of Negroes]? Are graft, corruption, gambling and prostitution going to be restored to their previous disgracefully high levels?"

In truth, the Castro government has done many laudable things—particularly in health and education. During the days of Batista, when Americans with bulging pocketbooks flocked to buy their pleasure in Havana, the building of gambling casinos had a higher priority than the vaccination of country children. As a result, peasants in the mountains used to watch their children die. Today, because of massive national vaccination programs, such children live. Now the casinos are closed, and hospitals and clinics are being built in the isolated mountain areas. Peasant children who once would never have had a chance of attending even a primary school have the opportunity of going to a university—even though their minds are more stuffed with the gospel according to Fidel than with formal education.

The government is sponsoring modern agricultural development and the building of rural housing. Marriages, divorces, even funerals are free. Rents are only 10 per cent of income—and Castro has promised that by 1970 no one will have to pay rent.

Matthews declares, correctly, that "Fidel Castro was rebelling against a system, a society, a corrupt and rotten state of affairs that spawned men like Fulgencio Batista. He was rebelling, too, against an economic structure run largely by foreigners, against income inequalities and high and growing unemployment." However, Castro has created other sores for these, and Matthews does not detail them as he should.

Whether the revolution has or has not been "betrayed" can best be tested by putting Castro's original program—and the régime's subsequent actions—under scrutiny. Matthews devotes much space to Fidel Castro's famous speech, "History Will Absolve Me," which later became a book. [redacted] Castro wrote an equally important document in the Sierra Maestra outlining "the aims, plans and aspirations" of the 26th of July Movement. His manifesto, published early in 1958 in the magazine *Coronet*, was read by millions.

- Castro wrote: "First of all and most of all, we are fighting to do away with dictatorship in Cuba and to establish the foundation of genuine, representative government." He promised to set up a provisional government to prepare and conduct "truly honest" elections within twelve months. Today, a decade later, Cuba still awaits elections which would produce genuine, representative government.
- Castro promised "immediate freedom for all political prisoners." He released those Cubans imprisoned by the Batista régime but his own government's record of mass incarceration makes this a hollow vow.
- Castro promised "full and untrammeled freedom of public information for all communication media—broadcasting, television, and the daily and periodical press," adding that "arbitrary censorship has long been one of the festering sores of the nation." In January 1959 there were sixteen daily newspapers in Havana. Today there are two, both government-operated as strident voices of the régime. Perhaps Matthews himself tells it best when he says, "The people are ignorant of world affairs because their newspapers and radio stations feed them only blatant Communist, anti-Yankee propaganda."
- Castro proclaimed: "We want to reestablish for all citizens the personal and political rights set forth in our much-ignored Constitution." But, except for a short period in 1959, the right of habeas corpus has been denied. Military and revolutionary tribunals have flourished. Countless Cubans have been charged with counterrevolutionary activity because they have expressed opposition to the régime. So much for political rights.

It is vital, it seems to me, that these points be made if Matthews's book is to be kept in total perspective. For they concern the basic principles of a revolution for which men fought and died.

Matthews asserts, "At no time in the two years of the Sierra Maestra struggle was Castro or the 26th of July Movement pro-Communist." He could well be right, and I share the same belief. Matthews refers to the historic interview he had with Castro in the Sierra Maestra in February 1957, when *The New York Times* revealed Castro's existence to the world; and he quotes what he reported: "It is a revolutionary movement that calls itself socialistic. It is also nationalistic, which generally in Latin America means anti-Yankee. The program is vague and couched in generalities, but amounts to a new deal for Cuba, radical, democratic and therefore anti-Communist." This was a view held generally in the Western press in the early days of the revolution. Certainly, it was the impression I received in Havana when the Rebel Army arrived in January 1959.

Despite that initial premise, and the shape and color of the revolution as it has now emerged, Matthews insists that the revolution has not been betrayed. "The flood of diatribes about [Castro's]

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Graciela

Graciela is a shy and timid three year old—a Chilean child. Her family, losing everything and terrorized by the recent earthquake, fled from its destruction and arrived in Santiago homeless. A struggling Protestant Day School, just affiliated with Children, Incorporated, noting their hunger and extreme need, let them occupy rent free a small wooden shack of one windowless room with a dirt floor. There are three beds for a family of seven but only one mattress and insufficient covering. TB germs lurk in the dust of summer and sticky mud of winter. The father, when he can secure work, makes about $30 a month. Graciela has been squeezed into the crowded day school which is trying to help her family.

Although the school manages to meet the Government's teaching standards, its buildings are flimsy, without electricity and in urgent need of repairs. 300 children are enrolled with 85 more approved for admission but money is lacking to accommodate them. Graciela, like the other children, exists under sub-human conditions. The lunch which the school tries to provide, is the nearest thing to a real meal cruel poverty permits to most of these children. Insufficient and improper food bloats their bodies and weakens and stunts their development.

Chile is a beautiful land with friendly people and bright, attractive children. But there are the Gracielas who have so pitifully little—they are "unfinished children". They have such potential. Their lives could be so changed if they could be helped even a little. They could blossom out into lovable, bright and capable youngsters. Graciela's life can be changed, like that of other similarly needy children, her whole future could be broadened and the worried look in her little face could disappear if she were sponsored under the CI "Adoption Plan". The cost of an "adoption" is the same as in all the CI projects around the world—$12 a month.

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'betrayal' of the revolution," declares Matthews, "derive from selective, hostile, subjective emotions and reasoning. It is easy to find any amount of inconsistency in some details of what Fidel said he would do and in some of the methods he said he would use. These inconsistencies are the commonplaces of history, and similar criticisms are applicable to innumerable historic figures."

More to the point, perhaps, Matthews makes the observation that one fundamental fact is unchanged: Fidel Castro runs the revolution. "He made it, and it will go where he tells it to go."

According to Matthews, the Cuban revolution has a mass character because Fidel Castro gave it that form. "It did not exist in the beginning," he writes. "[Castro's] systematic destruction of the men, the parties, the movements and institutions which stood between him and absolute power was what permitted him to make a mass revolution." And, one might ask, wasn't this "systematic destruction" in itself a betrayal of the revolution? Here is an example of the deception Castro used: In the early days of the revolution the Cuban Communist Party existed, but Castro couldn't later just thrust it upon the Cuban people. They had to be gradually conditioned to it. So in 1961 he merged the vastly popular 26th of July Movement (which was his own party), the Communist Party and other revolutionary groups into the Integrated Revolutionary Organization. More time passed, and ORI became the United Party of the Socialist Revolution. Finally, the so-called "united party" became the Communist Party.

"Cuba is Communist because no other name suits its political system," writes Matthews. "Besides, Castro never stops calling it that, and he is the one who decides." As Matthews sees it, Castro uses communism because he finds it valuable; but, he writes, that is different from believing in the Communist ideology.

Matthews asserts that today all Cubans, willingly or not, are participants in the revolution. He dismisses the 100,000 to 400,000 waiting to go into exile as, for the most part, "older men and women with children, who have relatives in the United States. They are almost all from the middle class." Matthews does not mention the half million Cubans who have already fled into exile. Not all were from the middle class.

Meanwhile, Castro has provided his subjects with something that is both a distraction from their troubles and a symbol of the need for sacrifice. He has given them a demi-god.

Today the deification of myth-hero Che Guevara is complete. His portrait first confronts one at Havana's José Martí Airport. Under pictures of the beret-wearing, bearded slain guerrilla leader

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are inscribed such Guevara apothegms as: "Youth will intone the chants of mourning to the chatter of machine guns and cries of war. Until victory forever." The face of the thirty-nine-year-old, Argentine-born physician looms everywhere.

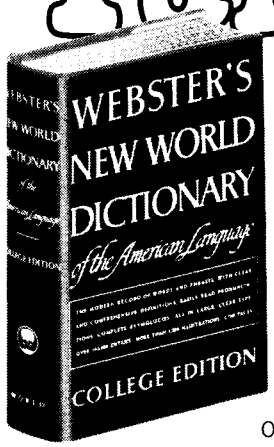
Ernesto Che Guevara, killed by Bolivian army troops in October 1967, has replaced Camilo Cienfuegos in the Cuban lexicon of revolutionary martyrdom. Cienfuegos, like Guevara, was a leader of the Cuban revolution. In the early days of the Castro régime, however, he mysteriously disappeared in an aircraft over central Cuba. Cienfuegos was never a Communist—and it is still believed that he would have violently opposed the oppressive ideological direction taken by a revolution which promised liberty—but the régime promptly gave him the stature of a popular patriot. Now, Cienfuegos's face has vanished from the walls of the land—and Che's has replaced it. Guevara, a fervent hater of "Yanqui imperialism," was a brave man and a romantic figure. As a myth-hero, he is serving the Castro cause well.

Today the old posters of Mao, Lenin and Marx have come down. It is a portent of the times: the emergence of a more independent Cuba as a Communist loner. True, the Soviet Union is still pouring more than $1 million worth of economic aid into the island every day, but the fraternal shoulder-rubbing of yesterday is over. In the words of one observer: "Cuba's stomach belongs to Moscow but its heart belongs to Hanoi." Huge maps of Vietnam hover above Havana streets, and special postage stamps depict American "genocide" in the Southeast Asian country. Signs proclaim that the duty of every revolutionary is to make a revolution and to "create two, three . . . many Vietnams."

Whereas Cuban Premier Fidel Castro wants to export violent revolution to the rest of the hemisphere, Russia is making trading pacts with the very "oligarchic" Latin American governments Cuba is denouncing. Nevertheless, some 2,500 economic technicians from the Iron Curtain bloc and an estimated 2,000 Soviet military advisers are yet in Cuba. The comrades try to achieve a meeting of Latin and Slavic minds; on many matters it is not easy.

IN the Communist lexicon Cuba is a unique society. More than a decade after triumphantly sweeping down from the hills of Oriente, Fidel Castro remains secure in his domain behind the Sugar Curtain, defiant of both East and West. Cuba, the rebellious child of the Communist world, is scorning its elder comrades, the Soviet Union and Red China, as it strives to forge its own Latin brand of Marxism. If the Castro régime were overthrown tomorrow, says Matthews,

Take our words for it



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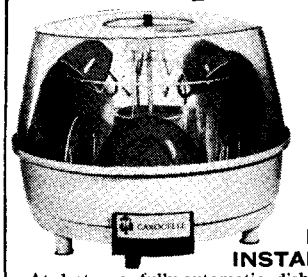

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the revolution would continue. "It cannot be overthrown, it cannot be reversed, it is an ineradicable fact of Cuban history." Agreed.

Separatism and Revolution: H. Rap Brown's quasi-autobiographical and always polemical *Die Nigger Die* (Dial, $3.95), and the Reverend Albert Cleage's reinterpretation of Christianity, *The Black Messiah* (Sheed & Ward, $6.50), are products of the militant, black nationalist wing of the Negro protest movement. Preaching a revolutionary rhetoric, they regard Negro riots as healthy and functional responses to an oppressive system. Both denounce the black bourgeoisie as well as the whites — and Brown, moreover, pointedly includes white liberals among the black man's enemy.

Die Nigger Die is a poorly organized essay; liberally sprinkled with obscenity, recollections of the author's youth and his work with SNCC alternate with propagandistic verse, calls for revolution, and savage attacks upon white society and middle-class Negroes. Included is an explanation of the events at Cambridge, Maryland, and Brown's subsequent problems with the law. The image that emerges is of a tough, rebellious young man who proved troublesome first for Negro adults and later for white society.

Of greater interest is Cleage's attempt to fashion a black Christian mythology. Cleage, pastor of the Shrine of the Black Madonna in Detroit, became prominent a few years ago as a leader of the all-black Freedom Now Party, which actually ran candidates for local offices. An astute, sophisticated, and highly educated divine, Cleage skillfully weaves black nationalism with biblical accounts of the Jews and Jesus to create a new theological synthesis that serves as an ideological support for black revolution and black separatism.

In Cleage's black nationalist theology the biblical Jews were a black people and Jesus a black messiah whose mission was to resurrect the nation of Israel. The Romans were ancient honkies, while Judas, the Pharisees and the Sanhedrin were the counterpart to modern-day Uncle Toms. Jesus' function was to bring "not peace but a sword"—he was a revolutionary leader of an oppressed black people, not the savior of all mankind. With this ideology as a framework, Cleage maintains that the Negro church is called upon to play a critical role today in uniting Afro-Americans into a black nation, and in the creation of a black revolution.

Both volumes, unfortunately, fail to describe the shape of the society they hope to create, but satisfy themselves with uttering a rhetoric of separatism and revolution. —August Meier.

Tsarist Classic

Continued from page 32

in a general way, a bit less of conversation and description about all the movements of the characters) is more *real*, in the best sense of the word, that is, more truthful and natural according to the fundamental laws of our spirit." Tolstoy's hero was Truth, and his efforts in realism were based on the fundamental laws of life.

Curiously enough, Leontiev makes use of the same sort of superfluous realistic detail, with infinitely less artistic relevance than Tolstoy, in *The Egyptian Dove*, perhaps the best of his several novels, and unlike any other nineteenth-century work of Russian fiction. It combines the old-fashioned romantic flavor of Chateaubriand with the refined decadence of the French *fin-de-siècle*. Ladnev, a Byronic hero of the Childe Harold vintage, tells of his experiences as a Russian consular officer in Turkey, and they are obviously based upon Leontiev's own foreign service in the Balkans.

Like Leontiev, Ladnev delights in the spontaneity, colorfulness, moral values, and simple life of the Turks, Greeks, Bulgarians, and Albanians, and he contrasts them with the stuffy aristocrats, spoiled intellectuals, and conforming Philistine bourgeoisie of "hateful and loathsome Petersburg." His rather tepid love affair with a married woman, however, seems to belie Leontiev's erotic reputation. If he had known for certain, Ladnev declares, "that my relations with Madame Antoniadi would upset the domestic happiness of her husband, I would not have visited her under any circumstances. . . . I suffered so intense-

ly, almost every minute of the day, from the thirst for fresh impressions and some sort of an apotheosis of a love that was half carnal, half ideal." There is much of this distraught self-analysis, which projects an interesting personality at the expense of all the other characters. The tantalizing love affair is overwhelmed by a maze of intrigue involving the efforts of various foreign consuls in Adrianople to further the aims of their respective governments. The outcome is unrecorded, for the novel was never finished.

One can only be grateful to Professor Ivask for undertaking this pioneer effort to introduce to English readers the writings of one of Russia's most fascinating and important literary figures.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 43: dareth, hatred, dearth, thread.

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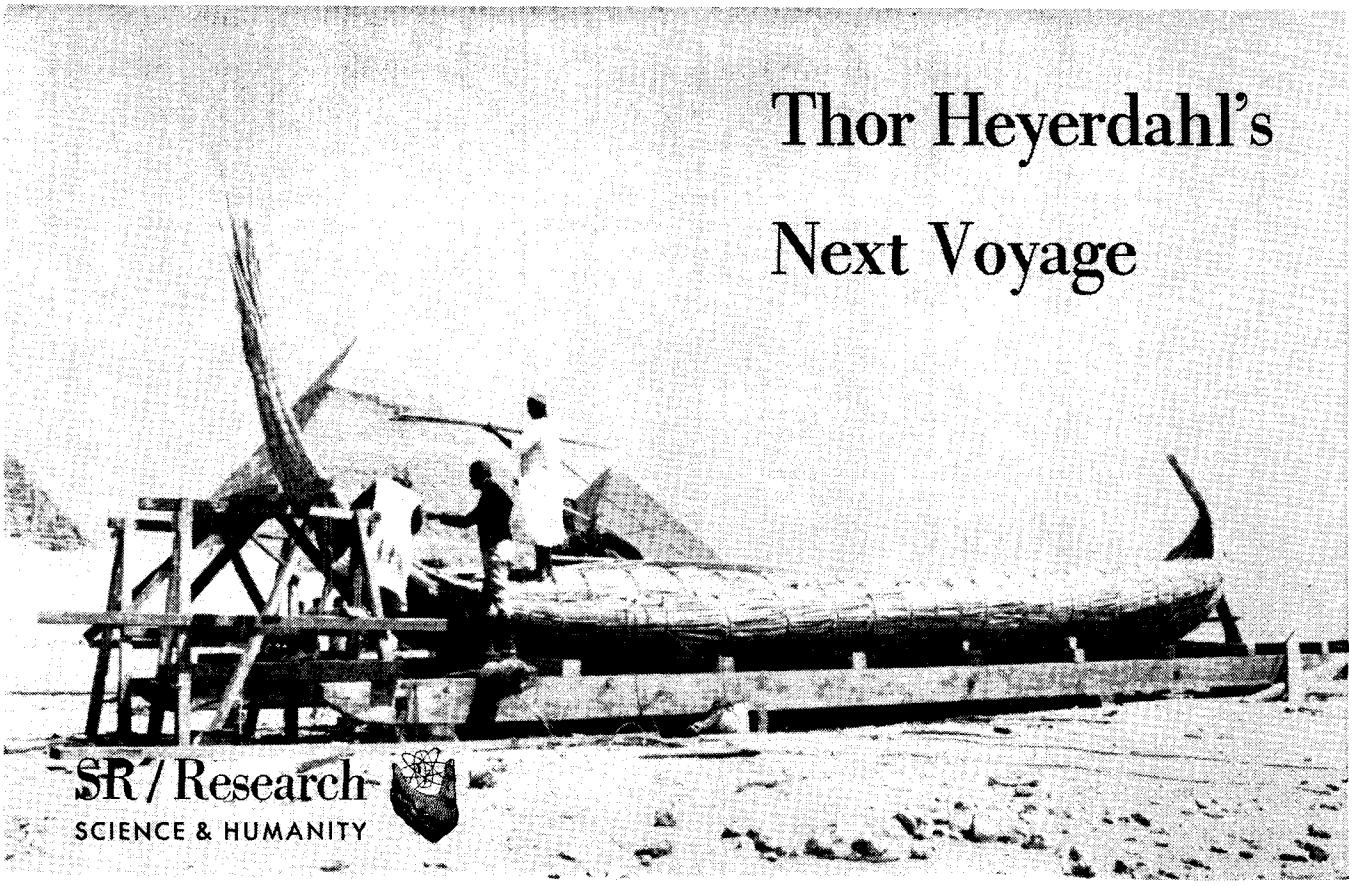
Thor Heyerdahl's Next Voyage



SR/Research
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

—Osman Mahmud Osman (UPI).

GIZEH, EGYPT.

A BIG reed basket designed to carry seven men across the Atlantic Ocean is being put together here in the sands of the Sahara, at the edge of Cairo, behind the third pyramid of Gizeh.

Shaped like a swan with a pointed tail taller than its undulant neck, this frail craft belongs to Thor Heyerdahl, whose raft of balsa logs, *Kon-Tiki*, drifted over 4,300 miles of the Pacific Ocean nearly a quarter century ago.

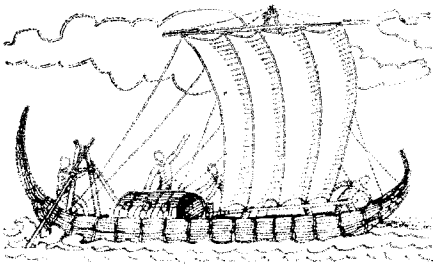
While the *Kon-Tiki* was being lashed together, experts on balsa wood said the logs in the raft would become saturated with seawater and would sink before the *Kon-Tiki* was under way a month. The *Kon-Tiki*, however, remained intact after plunging over a Polynesian reef 101 days out from the harbor of Callao, Peru.

Today, experts on papyrus—the reed Heyerdahl's new boat, *Ra*, consists of—are betting that the reeds will become water-soaked, and that the basket will go to the bottom within two weeks of its launching. Nevertheless, Heyerdahl is confidently proceeding with plans for a voyage to start in mid-May, off the coast of Morocco, and to end in July, hopefully on the coast of Yucatan.

Heyerdahl is gambling his life on his disagreement with those who are supposed to know, for he will skipper the voyage of the *Ra*. He is also gambling the lives of six other men: five whites from nations other than his native Norway, and a black African tribesman from the Republic of Chad.

The black member of the *Ra*'s crew will be one of three blacks who are actually building the *Ra*. Heyerdahl doesn't yet know which one he will choose. All three have put on occasional shows of temperament, as genuine artists will when a patron offers unwelcome suggestions about their work. For generations past, it has been the tradition of Lake Chad reed boatmen to shape their boats like ducks, with low-slung necks and almost flat tails. Heyerdahl says that shape is fine for an inland waterway like mid-African Chad, but it just won't do for the open ocean. Since the *Ra* is going to depend on the equatorial current of the Atlantic as well as on the wind for propulsion (see map, page 51), Heyerdahl argues that the boat must have a high tail bound tightly at the end like the tip of a tusk, so that the stern of the boat will be lifted by waves coming up from the rear before the waves can break and inundate the reed basket.

Whether he is right or wrong in his high-tail judgment, Heyerdahl isn't being whimsical. He must do what the Egyptians of 4,000 to 5,000 years ago did, in precisely the way they did it, in order to discover whether it was physically possible for people from Africa to have reached the shores of America ages before Christopher Columbus.



—Doug Anderson.

Only if an Atlantic crossing proves to be feasible in a boat built of Nile reeds can he go on to consider other arguments favoring the proposition that ancient Egyptians were the *viracochas*, or bearded white men, who legend says were the highly civilized precursors of the Incas of Peru, the Mayas of Mexico, the mound-builders of North America [see *SR*, Oct. 3, 1964], and the stonehead sculptors of Easter Island.

Whether or not the Heyerdahl expedition succeeds, it is worth serious attention as an example of the broad, interdisciplinary study of living nature that current trends in ecology suggest will dominate the long future of science. If we are genuinely trying to learn where man as an evolutionary creature is going, we need to understand the role of his environment in having brought him where he is now. How did the currents of wind and water move him about, with what consequences?

Heyerdahl asks questions like these from an eminence rare among anthropologists and geographers. He holds the only honorary degree ever awarded to a Norwegian by the University of Oslo. He has won the Vega Gold Medal of the Royal Swedish Society of Anthropology and Geography, and the Patron's (that is, Queen Elizabeth II's) Gold Medal of

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the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain. He is a Commander of the Norwegian Order of St. Olaf, an elected member of the Norwegian Academy of Sciences, an honorary member of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R., and a Fellow of the New York Academy of Sciences. Geographical societies of Belgium, Brazil, Peru, and Scotland have honored him either with memberships or with medals, and he is a Great Officer in the distinguished service orders of Italy and Peru.

His now enormous prestige was not easily come by. As a young man, even into his early years as a world-famous figure, Heyerdahl endured the ridicule of scientific colleagues. They dismissed him as a daredevil dilettante. His privileged boyhood in the family of a wealthy brewer gave him opportunities for unusual experiences which less fortunate people can be forgiven for misinterpreting. Most of that phase of Heyerdahl's life is related in Arnold Jacoby's biography, *Señor Kon-Tiki*. It is enough to note here that any youth who chooses to go native on a South Sea island for a year to test whether his bride can appreciate Stone Age paradise is not likely to be hailed as the possessor of a profound mind. If he quits school before graduating in order to exercise this choice, any theory emerging from the holiday will not easily command scientific respect, especially if the theory demolishes long-cherished beliefs.

Yet, Heyerdahl's year as an academic dropout on the tropical island of Fatu Hiva, in the Marquesas, gave him time for on-the-spot observations that he had not expected to make: observations that the wind and water always moved toward Fatu Hiva from the east. Any approach to the island from the west would be neither easy nor natural; certainly it could never have been achieved accidentally by primitive men. Suddenly it was obvious to Heyerdahl that original colonization of Fatu Hiva's volcano cone had not occurred from Polynesia, despite the then almost universal teaching that it had.

Heyerdahl's later crossing of the Pacific from Peru to Polynesia on a raft of balsa logs had such a romantic impact on the public mind of 1947 that the long chain of scientific reasoning leading to the exploit was obscured. That a twentieth-century man would risk his life and the lives of companions in brute struggle with the wind and water was all that came through. Who cared for the why behind the gamble? What mattered was raw human courage in the raging face of nature.

Actually, in Heyerdahl's mind the voyage of the *Kon-Tiki* (so named for the Andean altiplano white-faced gods who were revered on islands thousands of miles *west* of the South American continent) hadn't much risk in it. Even his fling on Fatu Hiva had not been as fantastically wild as it seemed to outsiders. Heyerdahl had gone to the Marquesas under the informal sponsorship of Bjarne Kroepelien, a prosperous Oslo businessman who had lived on Tahiti years earlier, and who had drawn together an enormous library of books and papers on Polynesian life, with special emphasis on the origins and evolution of that life in its isolated context. Kroepelien was a friend of the great Tahitian tribal chief, Teriieroo a Teriierooterai, who saw to it that a native copra schooner plying between Tahiti and Fatu Hiva made occasional inquiry about the two young Norwegian volunteers for service in the Stone Age.

There were giant stone images on Fatu Hiva, and Heyerdahl wrote about them in 1938, in a book titled *In Search of Paradise*, after his return to Oslo from the South Seas. The book threw him into the company of Iver Fougner, a Norwegian farmer who had spent some time in Bella Coola Valley, British Columbia, and who (along with many others) had noticed the Asiatic character of the Indians native to Bella Coola. Heyerdahl mentally collated all these events and gradually evolved a theory about trans-Pacific migration. The theory held that the first wave of migrants to Polynesia had come from South America by way of the Humboldt Current. The second wave had come from the opposite direction, having originated somewhere in the Malay Peninsula and having traveled northward on the Malay Current into the Japan Current, then eastward below the Aleutians to the British Columbian coast, and, finally, southwestward to Hawaii and beyond.

Heyerdahl's theory reached formal publication for the first time in 1941 in a war refugee journal, *International Science*. It appeared under the interrogative title, "Did Polynesian Culture Originate in America?"

AFTER a period of rough life around Bella Coola and another period of still rougher life in the Norwegian resistance to Adolf Hitler's occupation of Norway, Heyerdahl tried to market a manuscript that wrapped up all his ideas on human migration across the Pacific. He titled it, "Polynesia and America—a Study of Prehistoric Relations." He took it to a scientist he respected very much: Dr. Herbert Spinden, president of the Explorers Club and director of the Brooklyn Museum.

"It is quite true that South America was the home of some of the most curious civilizations of antiquity, and we know neither who they were nor where they vanished to when the Incas came into power," Spinden told Heyerdahl after hearing the Norwegian's summary of the manuscript on the desk before them. "But one thing we do know for certain – that none of the peoples of South America got over to the islands in the Pacific. Do you know why? They had no boats!"

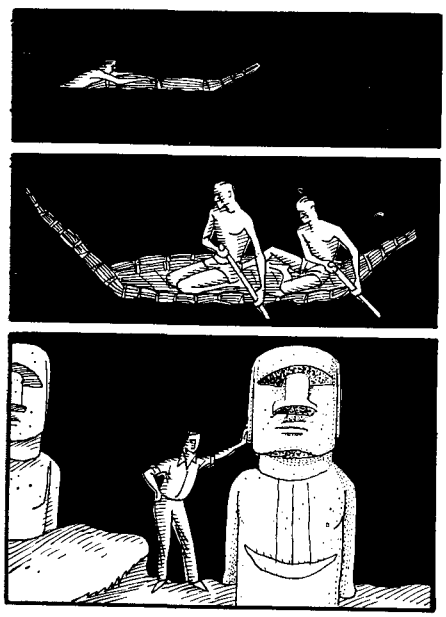
"They had rafts," Heyerdahl objected. "You know, balsa wood rafts."

"Well," said Spinden, "you can try a trip from Peru to the Pacific islands on a balsa wood raft!"

To anyone else, such a venture would have been madness. But not to Heyerdahl. Rafts of balsa under skilled navigation at sea had been seen by the Spaniards who invaded Peru in the sixteenth century. The buoyancy of the logs enabled the rafts to carry very heavy cargoes. Botanists knew that someone from South America had carried the bottle gourd, the sweet potato, the chili pepper, the small pineapple, the papaya, and the husk-tomato to Polynesia and transplanted them there, for those plants can't be reproduced from seeds. What could be more logical than the assumption that the planters had crossed the water on balsa logs?

So Heyerdahl literally followed Spinden's advice.

Before the *Kon-Tiki* adventure, Heyerdahl had periods of wondering how his next meal would be paid for. His book, *Kon-Tiki*, and motion pictures of the anachronistic Pacific crossing freed him financially and eventually let him buy and rehabilitate the ruins of a small medieval village on the Italian Riviera where he and his second wife, Yvonne, and their three children live in a bipolar setting: the warm Mediterranean in front and snow-capped Alps behind. Land-



—Doug Anderson after "Aku-Aku."

Natives of Easter Island used reeds to build surfboards and boats. Three-masted seagoing vessels were carved on chests of stone men.

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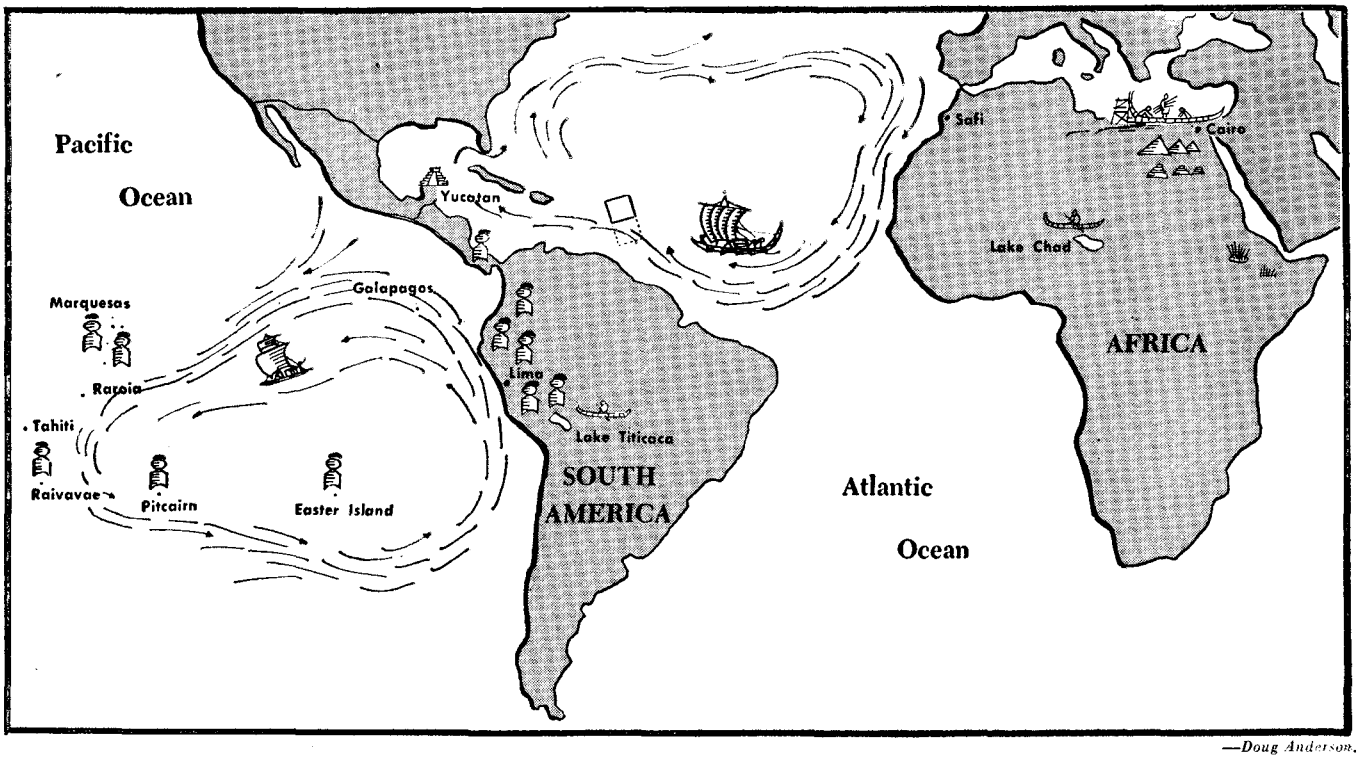

—Doug Anderson.

Thor Heyerdahl's search for the god Ra, alias Tiki, spans two oceans, as shown above. Note sites of pyramids, stone men, and reed boats. Small boxed area east of Barbados bounds the BOMEX experiment (see text).

lord Heyerdahl is home, however, only between expeditions. For the *Kon-Tiki* voyage was not the end but the beginning of a quest.

Having shown that the Pacific islands could have been peopled from America long before the days of Columbus, Heyerdahl set out to learn how the colonizing process had proceeded. Why was there no record of anyone stopping at the Galápagos Islands? They lay far closer to the Peruvian coast than any other Pacific islands and directly in the path of the Humboldt Current as it swung west off the South American continent. An archaeological survey of the Galápagos in 1951 revealed to Heyerdahl that the Peruvians had indeed visited the Galápagos before the Norsemen had gone to Iceland.

During this research, Heyerdahl accidentally discovered from South American Indian seafarers off the southern coast of Ecuador how to guide a balsa raft by simultaneously manipulating the rudder and the sail. His *Kon-Tiki* had carried a rudder, but Heyerdahl had not been able to figure out how to use it during the *Kon-Tiki* voyage. Now, four years after the completion of that hazardous expedition, he at last had the knowledge that would allow him to sail the *Kon-Tiki* into as well as before the wind.

Shortly after achieving total mastery of the balsa raft, he noted some things that caused him to wonder whether the ancient westward crossing of the Pacific had actually been accomplished on rafts. In 1952, in the Bolivian Andes, he came upon another type of boat with much cleaner lines and several times the raft's speed. This was a 120-foot reed boat in daily use on Lake Titicaca, home of the Tiahuanaco culture that preceded the Incas and left behind it the legend of the *viracochas*. Tiahuanacan engineers had built stepped pyramids and huge stone men. Even more significant to Heyerdahl than these was his discovery of drawings of crescent-shaped reed boats decorating buried pottery of the pre-Inca period.

Three years after watching the reed boats on Lake Titicaca, Heyerdahl chartered a Scandinavian ocean-going vessel and fitted it out for a year's stay on Easter Island, the next large island in the Pacific beyond the Galápagos. For the full flavor of that expedition readers are referred to *Aku-Aku*, Heyerdahl's personal account of a fabulous adventure. Adequate background for the story of the *Ra* requires here only the notation that on Easter Island Heyerdahl saw drawings of reed boats on the ceiling of caves, stone models of reed boats under sail, and rough sketches of three-masted reed boats on the chests of great stone men. The bodies of the statues were hewn from gray volcanic rock, but the heads were crowned with red stone quarried at a different site than that of the gray stone. The red crowns reminded Heyerdahl of red-haired mummies in Peruvian tombs. The drawings and models of the reed boats prompted him to ask whether anyone on Easter Island knew how such boats were made. A family of four old brothers, fishermen, built two boats for him: one a *pora*, a sort of surfboard to be managed by a lone swimmer; the other a crescent-shaped craft 12 feet in length with a carrying capacity of two or more men and stability sufficient to allow diving from either side of the boat without inviting capsize.

THE particular reed the old men chose for the boatmaking was growing in a swampy lake in the caldera of a dead volcano. The plant's botanical name was *Scirpus tatora*. It was the identical reed that went into the boats on Lake Titicaca. It did not grow from seeds but only from transplanted root stock. Who had brought the transplants to the lake in the volcano cone? South Americans, obviously. When? Bore holes drilled in the caldera floor beside the lake gave up *Scirpus tatora* pollen dating as far back as the earliest particles of carbon found in the same holes. The carbon must have come from forest fires, presumably set after the first men colonized the island.

Just when the data that had been accumulating for so many years finally set Heyerdahl to tracing the reed boats and the stepped pyramids eastward beyond the Polynesia-Easter Island-South American axis is not clear. But the 1966 session of the biennial International Americanist Congress in Argentina undoubtedly marked a watershed in his thought. Shortly before that meeting, an eminent American anthropologist published a paper citing the reed boats in support of the widely held theory that advanced technological concepts appear simultaneously in far-separated places without bearing any relation to each

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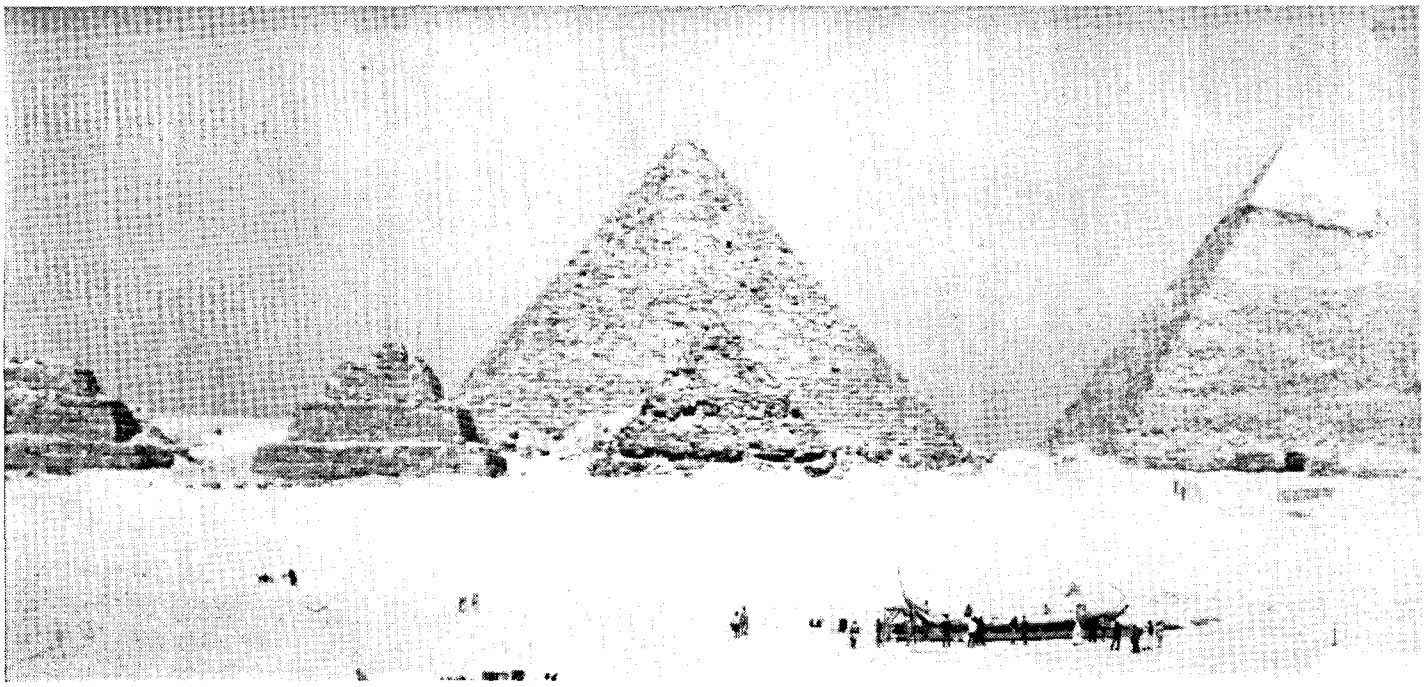

Construction of the *Ra* proceeds against backdrop of three giant pyramids of Gizeh. Older than these three

other. The reed boats, this anthropologist declared, just could not have been sailed over the great stretches of water providing the sites of the boats existing today. His arguments were repeated and amplified at the Argentinian symposium with apparent acceptance.

Heyerdahl's immediate reaction was to fly from Buenos Aires to La Paz for another, longer look at the reed boats on Lake Titicaca. Living with Indians who inhabit the lake shores, he made long sailing trips with them, and again the carrying capacity and speed of the boats impressed him.

ALMOST automatically, he reviewed the parallels that run all the way across Africa to Central and South America and on into the Pacific: sun-worshiping peoples with enough knowledge of astronomy to cut calendars out of the native rock and to watch for the rise of particular constellations of stars in the sky; ruling castes whose male members always married their sisters; the writing of script—hieroglyphics in the tombs of the Pharaohs, *rongo-rongo* on Easter Island; trepanning of the skull for surgical purposes; a massive construction technology based not only on the cutting and polishing of huge stones but the subsequent fitting together of those stones without mortar or cement; terraced irrigation; entombment in stepped pyramids; skilled navigation of intricately constructed reed boats.

A photograph in the *National Geographic* triggered Heyerdahl into action. Illustrating an article about the former French colonies in Africa, it showed reed boats under sail on Lake Chad. After poring over this picture, Heyerdahl decided to go to Lake Chad and see what differences there were between the Chad boats and the reed boats he had seen on Lake Titicaca and on Easter Island. With visual documentation in mind, he hired two free-lance photographers—a Frenchman and an Italian—and flew them with him to the capital of the Republic of Chad, Fort Lamy. From there, he organized a jeep caravan overland to the lake, stopping at the village of Bol. Bol is peopled by the Buduma tribe, a once piratical family of blacks who make reed boats for the Lake Chad traffic.

Heyerdahl's first discovery in Bol was that the Chad boats are made of the papyrus reed, from which the ancient Egyptians made the first known writing paper. Heyerdahl's second discovery in Bol was a pair of brothers, Mussa Bulumi and Omar M'Bulu. While Heyerdahl was struggling to communicate with Mussa and Omar in French, a third Chad tribesman appeared beside them and resolved the confusion. All the talk thereafter passed through him, for he could speak French and Arabic. He gave his name as Abdoulaye Djibrine and described himself as a "Chad Arab."

Mussa Bulumi knew only the language of his tribe, Buduma. So Mussa spoke Buduma to his brother, Omar. Omar, at home in Arabic as well as in Buduma, told Abdoulaye in Arabic what Mussa had said in Buduma. Abdoulaye then told Heyerdahl in French what Omar had said in Arabic.

ON an impulse, Heyerdahl asked Abdoulaye to ask Mussa and Omar if they would be willing to build a reed boat for Heyerdahl in Egypt. Abdoulaye reported that Mussa and Omar would be happy to build the boat. Abdoulaye then added, on his own account, "I will come, too, to be your translator." Although none of the parties realized it then, the *Ra* boat-building project had begun.

From the practical point of view, there was only one place on the Mediterranean suitable for the construction of a papyrus reed boat intended to sail the Atlantic Ocean from Africa. That place was Cairo. But papyrus reeds were no longer grown around Cairo, or, indeed, anywhere else in Egypt. The reeds did grow in profusion along the shores of Lake Chad. However, to carry the reed makings of a boat from Lake Chad to Cairo within any reasonable span of time would require the chartering of a couple of large cargo airplanes. The cost of that would be prohibitive.

IN SEARCH of an alternate source of reeds, Heyerdahl went from Lake Chad to Ethiopia, where the papyrus reed grows wild around Lake Tana, source of the Blue Nile, and around Lake Zwai, to the south of Addis Ababa. In Ethiopia, he found an Italian settler who was willing to contract with a local band of black monks and some lake fishermen to harvest twelve tons of reeds of a standard variation in length: from 14 to 18 feet. These are very long papyrus reeds. But the Italian guaranteed their delivery by truck across Ethiopia's 10,000-foot-high mountains to the western shore of the Red Sea. Heyerdahl next consulted a Greek shipowner, who agreed to carry the reeds north on the Red Sea to the port of Suez. Suez lay in the zone of active conflict between the Arabs and the Israelis. Since Heyerdahl intended to fly the U.N. flag on the *Ra* to symbolize the global nature of his expedition, he figured he could if necessary appeal to the belligerents to pass his cargo unmolested under a momentary truce. And

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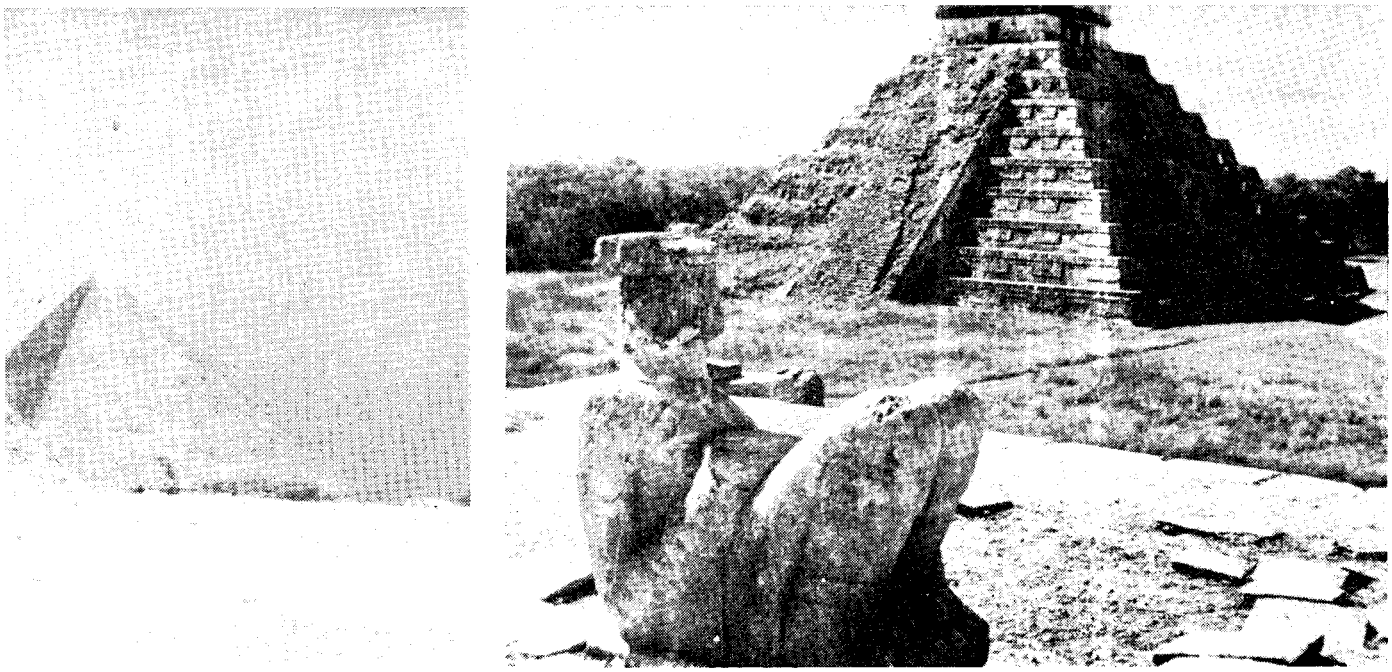

—Osman Mahoud Osman (UPI). —Science Service.

iants are small stepped pyramids at left, built in similar style to Yucatan pyramid Ku-Kul-Chan (right).

he suspended his negotiating in Africa to return to his adopted home in the medieval village on the Italian Riviera.

There it occurred to Heyerdahl that a neighbor of his, Angelo Corio, a high school teacher of French, had the ideal temperament and command of languages to boss the boat-building job. Would Corio spend six months in Cairo? He would, if the Italian school authorities would grant him a sabbatical. They did, and by Christmas 1968, Corio had set up headquarters in the Mena House Hotel here in Gizeh, virtually across the street from the three great pyramids.

When Heyerdahl applied to the Egyptian Government for permission to rope off a stretch of sand behind the third great pyramid to serve him as a workshop, out of the way of tourists—and, significantly for his purpose, within plain sight of a line of smaller pyramids with stepped terraces reminiscent of pyramids in Yucatan, Lake Titicaca, Easter Island, and Fatu Hiva—he encountered his first difficulties. Everyone in the antiquarian community denied existence of any evidence whatever that ancient Egyptians had sailed reed boats on the Mediterranean, let alone on the Atlantic. Reed boat traffic, so far as anyone with an opinion worth respecting knew, had been confined to the Nile, where reed boats are still seen today. If Egypt were to provide the site for the building of Heyerdahl's *Ra,* would the Government thereby risk becoming accessory to an attempted suicide? Egypt's foremost authority on papyrus reeds was called in: Hassin Ragab, president of the Papyrus Institute of Egypt. He cited contemporary experience in Ethiopia to support his conviction that salt water would saturate the reeds within two weeks' time. He soaked some reeds in his bathtub to prove the point. Before the two-week deadline was up, the water in the tub began filling with bubbles, due to fermentation of the papyrus.

Heyerdahl protested that Ragab's test had two flaws. First, the reeds in the bathtub remained continually in the same water, which thus became chemically polluted, whereas the water beneath the *Ra* would be constantly changing as the boat moved over the surface of the sea. Second, an individual reed, when cut for the boat, was like an empty bottle without a cork. If cast on the water, the bottle would sooner or later fill and sink. If the bottle were tightly corked before being floated, the bottle would stay on the sea surface as long as the cork kept out the water. The reeds in the boat would be like the corked bottle, because of the upraised tusk-like tips at either end of the *Ra*'s design. Heyerdahl asked to be judged by an actual trial run over an extended period with a small reed boat on the Red Sea. When the Arab-Israeli war ruled that out, the Nasser regime capitulated and gave Heyerdahl his pyramid-side permit in January 1969.

BY February the boat-building site had been roped off, and 500 bales of papyrus reeds had been stacked there under canvas. The reeds had reached Suez just in time to come under one of the periodic cross-canal bombardments that punctuate the Arab-Israeli dispute. Cargo handlers had panicked in the midst of unloading the papyrus, but some inventive person had told them the noise they had heard was only the bumping together of boats stranded in the idle canal, and all the reeds were landed.

Heyerdahl originally had planned to return to Lake Chad to pick up his boat-builders. But while he awaited the arrival of the reeds, an unexpected letter came from Abdoulaye Djibrine. Unable to write in any language, that alert black tribesman had dictated his message to a friendly Protestant missionary, who had set it down and mailed it. "Mussa and Omar and I are ready to make the boat for you," Abdoulaye's letter said. "When are you coming to get us?"

Surprised by this display of initiative, Heyerdahl decided to see how far it might extend. He needed to go back to Lake Titicaca in the Bolivian Andes for a final check on the staying power of the reed boats there. Perhaps he could save time by making the trip to America while Abdoulaye brought Mussa and Omar to Cairo.

A RETURN letter to Lake Chad by way of the friendly missionary produced a quick reply—Abdoulaye would be happy to accept responsibility for the appearance of Mussa and Omar in Cairo if Heyerdahl would only send three airplane tickets and some travel expense money. Relieved by this news, Heyerdahl put the tickets and the money in the mail to Chad, and took a plane for Lake Titicaca.

It was at this point that I stumbled into the story of the *Ra*. In the airmail edition of the *Manchester Guardian,* I read a Norwegian reporter's brief account of Heyerdahl's intent: ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN A PAPER BOAT. The *Guardian* headline writer had been not only witty but almost accurate.

By appealing to Rand McNally, American publishers of Heyerdahl's books, I located the explorer on the telephone in Washington, D.C. Only the night before, I discovered, he had dined in New York with the editor of *SR* and

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had sought the editor's help in obtaining the intervention of U.N. Secretary General U Thant. A crisis had developed overnight and nothing less than a letter from U Thant could prevent the *Ra* from becoming the focus of an international incident.

The trouble had started in Chad when the postman delivered to Abdoulaye the money and the plane tickets that Heyerdahl had sent. When Abdoulaye could offer no better explanation for this extravagant attention than a vague and fuzzy story about making a reed boat in Egypt to cross the Atlantic, he had been put in jail.

With U Thant's letter of recommendation in his briefcase, Heyerdahl flew from New York to Fort Lamy. Just before boarding the plane, he told me that if he could clear Abdoulaye's up-to-then spotless police record, I would be invited to come to Cairo to watch the *Ra* abuilding. Several weeks of silence followed before I found on my desk one morning a cable from Gizeh: YOU ARE WELCOME ANY TIME.

I was greeted at the Cairo airport by an ebullient young Arab female agent of the Egyptian Tourist Office. She whisked me to the money exchange window, then to the visa desk, then through customs, and at last to a taxicab in the street outside. In return for her efficient help, she asked only that I give one of her girl friends a lift into town.

I was two hours behind schedule because one of my fellow passengers on a TWA through-flight from New York via Rome and Athens had disappeared in Athens, and had to be rounded up. In sixteen-and-a-half hours I had napped for perhaps twenty minutes, but I felt wide awake after unshuttering the windows of my room above Heyerdahl's hotel headquarters and seeing the pyramids looming in the night. In the clear desert air they seemed close enough to touch.

At 6:30 o'clock next morning, the ringing of the telephone wakened me to an awareness of Heyerdahl's enthusiasm for the *Ra*. I breakfasted at 7 in a glass patio inhabited by a flock of small brown birds which flew about as I ate, and quarreled quietly over pecking rights at the marmalade dish on my table. I noticed that they seemed to have assigned themselves to particular tables, as waiters do. At 7:30, Heyerdahl and I were off in a hired motorcar for the third pyramid. His jeep had broken down the day before.

Within less than half an hour, we had left the car on the narrow macadam road that carries tourists around the pyramids. We trudged unevenly through jeep-wheel ruts in the sand for perhaps a hundred yards before I glimpsed, at the bottom of a depression in the earth, one of the loneliest sights of my life—a

How to Build a Papyrus Boat

—Photos by Osman Mahoud Osman (UPI).

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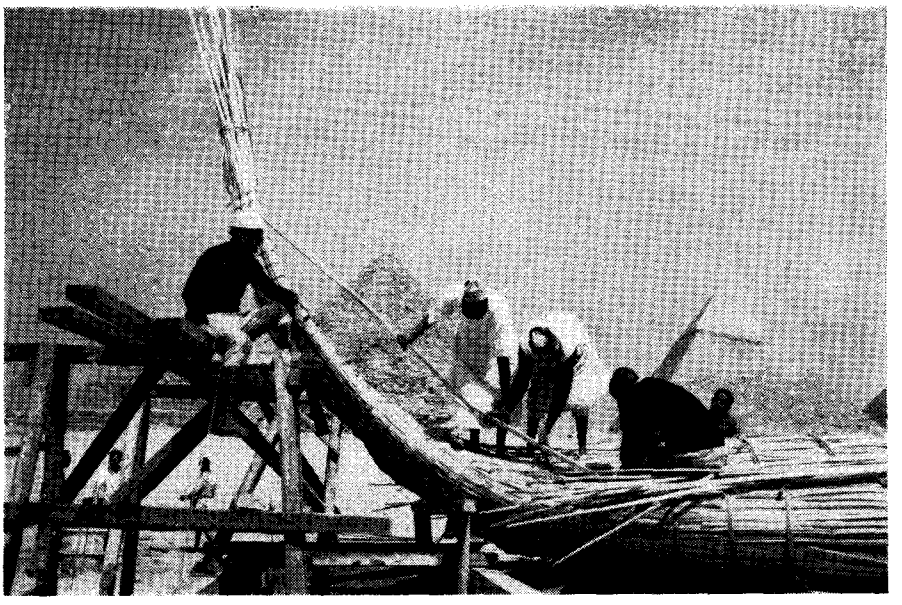

To make a papyrus boat, one must begin with a reed. When pushed into the water, the reed expresses its buoyancy by jumping back out with a splash. Reeds are first chopped at both ends, then soaked for two hours to make them pliable, then carried in bundles to the boat-builders. Builders thrust reeds close together to achieve the approximate function of feathers on a swan.

Scan this picture story from top to bottom of the opposite page, then repeat the scan on this page.

Cast of characters, in order of appearance: jumping papyrus reed with Arab boy, reed cutters, reed carriers, Thor Heyerdahl with Abdoulaye Djibrine, Mussa Bulumi, and Omar M'Bulu.

little colony of small canvas tents as gray as the sand on which they were pitched. At an acute angle in the distance, my eye next caught a crescent shape that reminded me of drawings I had seen from the tombs of the Pharaohs. That, I thought, would be the *Ra*.

It was. By the time we reached it, Mussa and Omar and Abdoulaye were already hard at work. Heyerdahl gravely approached them, smiled broadly, shook hands, spoke a few words, and introduced me as someone who had "come all the way from America to see what we are doing." As the boat-builders turned back to their job, he took me aside and explained how U Thant's letter had saved the day in Chad.

Being in charge of one of the newest nations on the planet, officials of the Republic of Chad are rightfully concerned about protecting their citizens from abuse. The slave trade is one of the most unpleasant memories of Africa's past. When Abdoulaye suddenly flourished what in local terms was a small fortune, he was not unnaturally suspected of complicity in a slave-trading ring. His story about needing Mussa and Omar to make a reed boat in Cairo for crossing the Atlantic Ocean contributed nothing to his credibility. By the time he got word of his dilemma out through the missionary to Heyerdahl, Abdoulaye had regained his freedom through the local equivalent of paying expensive talent to argue legal technicalities. All the money that Heyerdahl had sent was exhausted in these appeals.

Even after Heyerdahl arrived with U Thant's letter and cleared the air, arrangements still had to be made to allow the three blacks to leave their homeland. The process was more complicated than usual, but not because of Abdoulaye. Mussa and Omar insisted that 1) both were twenty-nine years old, and 2) Mussa was four years older than Omar. This interesting situation had to be described explicitly in their passports. That those documents, once issued, passed unchallenged is a tribute to Heyerdahl's persuasiveness. It is a tribute both to his patience and to the intelligence and adaptability of the Chad tribesmen that he quickly taught Abdoulaye, Mussa, and Omar to eat with knives, forks, and spoons instead of with their fingers, and to walk up and down flights of stairs and to ride elevators, automobiles, and airplanes fearlessly.

The three blacks wear marvelously colored ceremonial costumes at appropriate times. When working on the *Ra*, Mussa and Abdoulaye dress in flowing white robes, Mussa with a rich plum-hued sweater under his. Omar prefers a sweater over his robe and is often bareheaded; Mussa wears a subdued plaid turban; Abdoulaye sports a gaily-banded knit skullcap. Heyerdahl works with

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them in jodhpurs and boots, a turtleneck sweater-shirt, and a battered white sailcloth hat with a center peak.

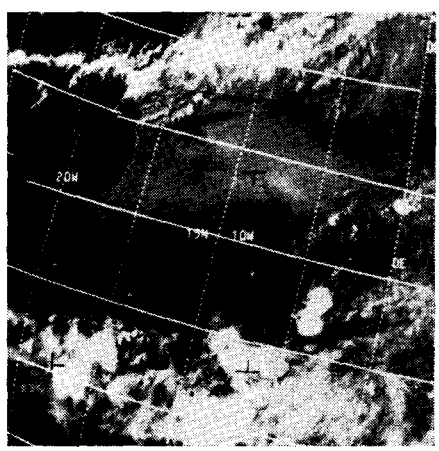
Primitive craftsmanship is notoriously difficult to fit to any arbitrarily timed rhythm. Heyerdahl has managed it on the *Ra* project by splitting up the responsibility. Several unskilled Arab boys chop the papyrus reeds at both ends with machetes. Several others dip the shortened reeds in a concrete tank of cold water. After the reeds have been soaked for several hours—to make them pliable for what follows—other boys carry the dripping reeds to the boat, where the three Chad blacks take over.

The actual boat building is done as one might try to build a swan by stuffing individual feathers tightly together. The process begins with only four reeds. These are bound firmly at one end with a circlet of rope. Next, a second rope circlet is looped around the reeds a short distance away from the original circlet. Then as many reeds as possible are thrust through the second circlet into the tiny opening formed within the tip of the first four reeds. After the second circlet is gorged with reeds, a third loop of rope is thrown around the reed bundle at some proportionate distance from the second circlet, and the prior performance is repeated. When the third circlet can hold no more reeds, a fourth circlet is placed at a distance proportional to the progression of the distances between the preceding circlets. When the fourth circlet is stuffed, a fifth is added, and so on until there is a thin, banana-like crescent bound tightly at each end.

As the core crescent is woven, other crescents are knitted onto it, giving the finished whole some semblance of a huge bunch of bananas in which the shape of each banana can be discerned without being distinguished from any other banana in the bunch.

Although precious time was lost because of the episode in Chad and because of five days of sandstorms (there was also a small earthquake, which swung the hotel chandeliers and moved the floor of the library in which I was writing at the time, but which was not felt at the building site of the *Ra*), Heyerdahl, by keeping his assembly line moving from dawn to dusk every day of the week, hopes to put the *Ra* into the water in the Moroccan port of Safi (where traditions, which run back to the days of the Phoenicians, include legends of Atlantic crossings long before Columbus) around May 15.

By then, the big crescent basket of reeds will be just under 50 feet long and just over 16 feet wide, with a bottom 4.5 feet thick. The closest approach to solid flooring in the craft will be a plaited 9-by-15-foot wicker mat—the bottom of a domed wicker hut that will ride on the crescent basket and provide quarters for the crew (currently listed for it, in addition to Norwegian Heyerdahl and the Chad black, are an Egyptian, an Italian, a Mexican, a Russian, and an American—one of them to be always on deck duty while the others rotate use of six bunks in the cabin). The hut is a handsome piece of handmade furniture, thatched on top, with an open storage space forward to hold packages of simple foods like those available to the ancient Egyptians and a battery of clay pots filled with drinking water. Also housed beneath the thatched roof will be three navigating necessities: an inflatable rubber raft, an electric generator to power lights for underwater photography, and a portable radio. All the gear will be stowed with the seven men behind a trapezoidal cotton sail strung from a wishbone mast about 30 feet tall.



—*ESSA.*

Photo by earth satellite ESSA 5 shows African sandstorm moving into Atlantic at Dakar. Dotted line marks coast.

According to Heyerdahl's theory, the reeds of the boat will drain off water as fast as the waves can pour the water in. Won't the sea rise through the boat bottom just as easily? Heyerdahl says not as long as the papyrus reeds retain any appreciable fraction of their normal buoyancy. I was skeptical of this last point before coming to Cairo, but here I have been seeing incredible demonstrations in its favor. To amuse me during my visits to the *Ra* building site, the young Arab reed cutters have taken individual reeds and shoved them one by one, broad end down, into the water of the concrete soaking pit, then let the reeds go. Every one of the papyrus shafts has bounded out of the water with a great splash, like a fighting fish.

In the face of virtually unanimous professional Egyptologist opinion that the *Ra* cannot possibly survive an Atlantic crossing, Heyerdahl maintains utterly unruffled confidence in what he is doing. This other-worldly quality—if it can be correctly so described—never intrudes into his conversation phrases customary to mystics. If you don't feel it, it isn't there. Someone asked him what he would do if the *Ra* began to settle. "Oh," he said, "You know we will have a rubber life raft aboard." "The raft is big enough to carry seven safely?" "Yes. But it only needs to hold six." "You mean you would stay on the *Ra*?" "I think so. You know that one of the oldest laws of the sea says. . . . " "Says the captain goes down with his ship?" "Says that anyone who finds an abandoned vessel at sea has the right to board and seize it."

As long as the reeds stay afloat after leaving Safi, the water and wind will carry them westward. For it was from these very same coastal waters of Morocco that Columbus set sail; the sea and air currents carried him as far west as present-day Puerto Rico.

Recent scientific research, undertaken elsewhere independently of the *Ra*'s voyage, suggests that the African continent may be the source of more than daring men who pioneered transoceanic exploration. Dust swept up from the Sahara could account for the hurricanes that bedevil the Atlantic between August and October. This possibility has been raised in the meteorological literature by Dr. Joseph M. Prospero, assistant professor of marine science at the University of Miami. While studying the fall of cosmic dust on the island of Barbados, easternmost point of land in the Caribbean, Prospero discovered that Barbados was regularly visited by clouds of microscopic particles of earthly origin. The particles proved ideal nuclei for formation of ice crystals. Since ice crystals are nature's most efficient rain makers, Prospero had to learn where the dust had come from. The hue of the particles closely matched that of Sahara sand. He calculated how long it would take the trade winds to carry fine grains of sand from Africa to Barbados. Then he examined weather satellite photographs taken over the time span encompassed by his calculations. At the precise interval he had estimated, the pictures revealed a dense dust cloud extending westward from Africa over the Atlantic.

Prospero's experiment is now incorporated into what is known as Project BOMEX. It will take place this summer within a 90,000 square mile segment of the projected route of the *Ra* (see map, page 51). Organized by the Environmental Science Services Administration (ESSA) in Washington, D.C., BOMEX is a preliminary to a Global Weather-Watch, or world-wide forecasting service, which meteorologists hope to establish during the next few years under the aegis of the U.N. The voyage of the *Ra* will again demonstrate the global dimensions that are needed for research in human affairs, and will thus symbolize the necessity for a stronger U.N. in the modern scientific world.

—John Lear.

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A report appeared in this space two months ago under the title, "New Facts on Fluoridation." Herewith a dissenting opinion from three physicians and one dentist.

FLUORIDATION and "NEW FACTS"

By FREDRICK J. STARE, M.D., DANIEL BERNSTEIN, M.D., CONSTANTINE HAMPERS, M.D., and JAMES DUNNING, D.D.S.

"IF water fluoridated at a concentration of 1 ppm can, by moving through an artificial kidney, cripple the body it enters within a year, it is time to discover whether water fluoridated at a concentration of 1 ppm can reasonably be expected to cripple the bodies of severe kidney disease victims who drink the water daily for ten to twenty or more years."

This quotation is from John Lear's latest attempt [*SR*, March 1] to raise what he considers the agonizing specter of fluoridation. The first word in the quote, "If," is a very significant if. Many physicians and scientists, eminently qualified and respected by their peers, have been working for more than twenty years to find out if fluoridated water, either natural or controlled, is harmful in any way to any individual, any age, either sex, in any state of health or illness. The answer continues to be a clear, emphatic "No." It is not harmful. It is even possible that fluoride at 1 ppm in dialysis for uremic patients *may be beneficial to their bones* rather than detrimental, as alleged by Mr. Lear.

It is true that there are still a few scientists and physicians who question the safety and even the efficacy of fluoridation, but, generally, they are scientists whose reasoning is suspect or who are unqualified to judge the issue because they are unaware of the facts. (Incidentally, there are still a few scientists and physicians opposed to the pasteurization of milk, to immunization against poliomyelitis, and to almost any generally accepted health procedure, including vaccination against smallpox.)

The gist of the "New Facts," and of Mr. Lear's interpretation, is that when patients with uremia are dialysed with fluoridated water, fluoride moves out of the water, into the patient's blood, and then into the bones in sufficient concentration to cause side effects which "it wreaks in the bones and perhaps in other parts of the patients' bodies." Mr. Lear rambles on for several pages with comments about demineralization of bone, alkaline phosphatase, calcium metabolism, and the parathyroid gland. "As the parathyroid hormone carried its orders deeper into the bone, underlying calcium moved out in response to the instructions." How romantic, but how naïve!

Mr. Lear has used the customary innuendos and phrases ("cripple the bodies") in his unscientific and emotional interpretation of "New Facts on Fluoridation" to challenge again one of the greatest advances of modern public health. In the first few paragraphs of Mr. Lear's most recent outburst he reiterates his conclusions on fluoridation as he wrote them about five years ago:

"Very little was known about the side effects of fluoridated water." He is wrong; much was known then, and there were no side effects.

"Especially neglected . . . were the side effects of fluoridated water in victims of metabolic disorders, such as those of the kidneys, the liver, the cardiovascular system, and the skeleton." Mr. Lear is once again incorrect. All these types of disorders, and others, have not been neglected. They have been well studied and there were, and are, no side effects which could, in any way, be attributed to the ingestion of fluoridated water.

"Individuals dependent on grants of public money from [the United States Public Health Service] had failed to weigh reports of unfavorable side effects." Mr. Lear is wrong. Such reports have been carefully considered by many scientists, in and out of the USPHS, and rejected as poorly done and improperly controlled. Please note Mr. Lear's insinuation "dependent on grants." This is a favorite technique of Mr. Lear's, for which there is not a grain of evidence, that an application for research support from the USPHS must agree with USPHS policy or pronouncements. We think this comment gives a measure of Mr. Lear's honesty in reporting.

"A potential threat to . . . health . . . was thus being masked by insistent pro-fluoridation pressure." Mr. Lear is wrong. There was no potential threat (except from Mr. Lear), and nothing was being masked.

Mr. Lear then deals with his "New Facts" in a superficial and cavalier treatment of an amazingly complex problem —severe kidney disease resulting in uremia and requiring hemodialysis and, hopefully, a successful kidney transplant. His "New Facts" are based on a single paper published in 1965, and four brief papers given at scientific meetings, two in 1968 and two in 1969. Two of these papers were given by Dr. Gerald Posen of Ottawa, and one by Mr. John Marier, a chemist, also of Ottawa. None of the data from these four papers has, to our knowledge, so far appeared in the medical literature so it can be evaluated by other scientists. Mr. Lear used abstracts and press accounts of the oral presentations, mostly from the papers given by the two Canadians, and comments from telephone conversations as the basis for much of his interpretation of the "New Facts." This is not usually considered a reliable technique for sound reporting.

IT can be estimated that there are about 1,800 to 2,000 persons with kidney failure undergoing hemodialysis in various medical centers and "at home" in the U.S. In hemodialysis where the water used contains significant amounts of calcium, magnesium, copper, or fluoride, it is usually deionized by passing it through a mixed resin bed deionizer. This deionizer will remove these substances. The deionizing is not done specifically to remove the fluoride but to remove all these elements. The physician controlling the dialysis will then have varying amounts of salts such as calcium, sodium, chloride, acetate, magnesium, and potassium added to the dialysing water so that it closely approximates the amounts of these substances normally found in blood. Such a solution gives maximally efficient and precise dialysis.

The occurrence of bone disease, commonly referred to as hyperparathyroid

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bone disease, is common in uremic patients (Stanbury, S.W., Lumb, G.A.: *Medicine* [Balt.], 41:1, 1962) regardless of the fluoride content of the water used in dialysis, a fact not mentioned by Mr. Lear. It has been known for many years that the bones of patients with uremia are abnormal and will accumulate more fluoride as well as certain other mineral salts (Drinkard, J., Hertoghe, J., Rubini, M., and Gonick, H.: *Clinical Research*, 17:128, 1969) presumably because of their rapid metabolic rate. This is another well known and important fact not mentioned by Mr. Lear. Maybe Mr. Lear should have had a longer "long-distance telephone conversation [to discuss] fourteen of these patients, who had 'minimal or no detectable bone disease' at the time treatment with artificial kidneys began."

ALL patients undergoing hemodialysis are usually given various antacids to impair the absorption of phosphate. This may cause more fluoride to be found in the bone, another fact not mentioned by Mr. Lear.

It is difficult to distinguish radiologically or histologically bone changes due to excessive fluoride (and there is such a thing as excessive fluoride, but not from fluoridation) from bone changes secondary to severe hyperparathyroidism, where the fluoride content of the bone may be normal (Bernstein, D.S. and Cohen, P.: *Journal of Clinical Endocrinology and Metabolism*, 27:197, 1967 and Baylink, D.J. and Bernstein, D.S.: *Clinical Orthopedics and Related Research*, 55:51, 1967). Mr. Lear did not mention this.

In referring to the treatment of uremic patients by Dr. Posen at the Montreal General Hospital, Mr. Lear writes: "It was commonplace for patients . . . to be attacked by blood and bone discomforts, but these problems were just as commonly dissipated." Mr. Lear then goes on to mention that when Dr. Posen moved to Ottawa (where the water is fluoridated) he encountered (in uremic patients being dialysed) "much more severe manifestations . . . but . . . to his dismay . . . the treatments he had used in Montreal would not work in Ottawa." The implication, of course, is that the fluoridated water of Ottawa was to blame. In fact, Mr. Lear quotes Mr. Marier (a chemist, not a physician) as follows: "We have observed a pattern of bone disease that does not respond to normal therapy, associated with high fluoride levels in [blood] serum and bone which strongly suggest fluoride involvement in this particular form of bone disease."

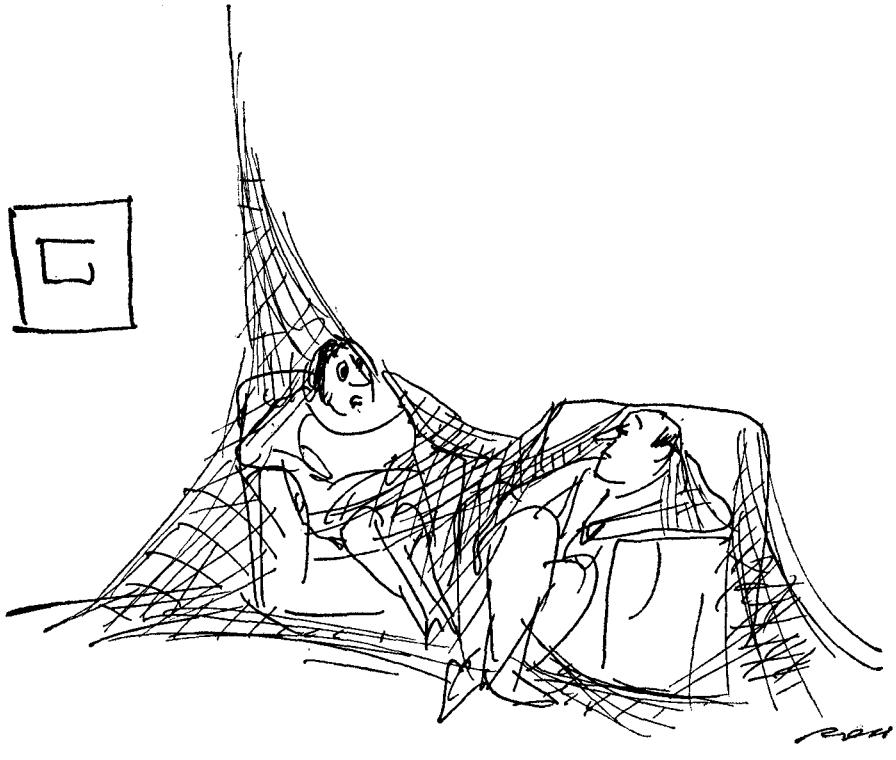
It is well known by physicians experienced in the treatment of uremic patients that bone disease (renal osteodystrophy) is notoriously resistant to any kind of therapy. We look with considerable skepticism on the "ease" of treating such conditions in Montreal. The difficulties experienced in Ottawa are what are found in Boston where unfortunately the water is not fluoridated. We can find no evidence in the medical literature that fluoridated water is in any way involved in uremic bone disease, and we cannot accept the secondhand reports via press dispatches and Mr. Lear's long-distance telephone calls with much confidence. And, as far as this having anything to do with consuming fluoridated water, even Mr. Marier (the chemist, not a physician), according to Mr. Lear, "emphasized that side effects of fluoridated water moving into the body through an artificial kidney are not now being translated into predictions of side effects that will be brought about by fluoridated water taken by mouth"— except by Mr. Lear.

"The Canadian press quoted Posen and Marier as having told a press conference that 'their findings have no implications whatever in the use of fluoridated water for drinking. . . .' Questioned on this point by telephone afterward [presumably by Mr. Lear], Posen accepted responsibility for the statement but conceded he could not document it scientifically; nor, he said, could he document . . . that fluoridation . . . evokes side effects . . . to justify discontinuance of the fluoridation practice. 'I don't wish to be a party to the fluoridation controversy,' Posen said. 'I wish only to continue my research and see where it takes me.'" This is an admirable attitude for a researcher.

THERE are other errors, minor in nature, in Mr. Lear's article; for instance, in referring to Dr. Posen's presentation of his paper in November 1968 at a meeting of the American Society of Nephrology, Mr. Lear says, "the big room was not only filled but overflowing." It was not. One of our team was there. This session was poorly attended, and there was virtually no discussion of Dr. Posen's paper, which indicated a lack of response by this specialized audience to his subject. This is contrary to Mr. Lear's statement concerning the reception and attendance of Dr. Posen's talk. This lack of response could be attributed to Dr. Posen's sweeping conclusions, made from unsubstantive experimentation, although this does not exclude the fact that fluoride possibly may be of some importance in hemodialysis baths, and that it is worth studying further in a carefully designed fashion.

Mr. Lear ends his discussion of "New Facts on Fluoridation" with the old, often used statement that "it is possible to confer fluoride's tooth decay inhibiting benefits on children who need it by simply adding fluoride pills to drinking water in the children's homes." This sounds simple; it is not simple, and it simply doesn't work (Tabrah, F.L. and Eveleth, B.M.: *Hawaii Medical Journal*, 22:111, 1962. *British Dental Journal*, 120:6, January 4, 1966).

For the record, and perhaps for the



"Harold, what's happened to us?"

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edification of Mr. Lear, let us establish a few well known and undisputed facts concerning fluoride. No water source anywhere in the world is without some fluoride in it. Therefore, all bones of healthy or diseased people contain fluoride in varying amounts. It has been established that water which contains 1 ppm of fluoride significantly reduces (60 to 70 per cent) the incidence of dental caries in children. At this level of fluoride there is overwhelming evidence of the safety of fluoride to the human. Over 80,000,000 people in the U.S. drink water with this level of fluoride in it, or slightly higher, and the incidence of various diseases (cardiovascular, skeletal, kidney, gastrointestinal, etc.) is unchanged from those persons drinking water with appreciably less than 1 ppm (but still containing some fluoride).

Fluoride has been used recently as therapy in various metabolic bone diseases, mostly those where bone rarefaction predominates, such as in osteoporosis. It has been shown that fluoride under these conditions causes an increased bone crystallinity (as it does in dental enamel in children), which imparts greater strength to the crystal (Gron, P., McCann, H.G., and Bernstein, D.S.: *Journal of Bone and Joint Surgery*, 48-A:892, 1966). This type of "fluorotic" bone is also more resistant to the ordinary resorptive processes. Although still experimental, fluoride, in amounts far in excess of what is found in fluoridated water, is proving to be of benefit in the treatment of various bone diseases (Rich, C., Ensinck, J., and Ivanovich, P.: *Journal of Clinical Investigation*, 43:545, 1964). In a survey of two populations in North Dakota (one consuming water naturally fluoridated at 4.0 to 5.8 ppm, and the other water with only 0.3 ppm or less), it was shown that the prevalence of osteoporosis (bone rarefaction) in females was much less in those drinking "high" fluoride water. The incidence of calcification of the abdominal artery (hardening of the major artery in the abdomen) was less in males living in the "high" fluoride area (Bernstein, D.S., et al: *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 198:499, 1966). Thus, it is possible that fluoride at 1 ppm in dialysis for uremic patients *may be beneficial to their bones* rather than detrimental, as alleged by Mr. Lear, but it should be said that the *definitive* scientific data have not yet been shown to prove this point.

Mr. Lear has clearly implied that persons with chronic kidney disease who drink fluoridated water at 1 ppm may suffer bone disease and various other ill-defined ailments. This ludicrous association is totally false! As we have written, hemodialysis with fluoridated water needs further research to determine accurately its effects; conversely, literally thousands of persons with various stages of kidney impairment have *drunk* fluoridated water for years without side effects attributable to fluoride. Unfortunately, many non-scientific persons (including Mr. Lear) will scramble the facts and make the erroneous conclusion as did Mr. Lear. It is obvious to any knowledgeable physician that a clear distinction exists between drinking fluoridated water and being dialysed with fluoridated water. They are completely different situations.

Mr. Lear's "New Facts on Fluoridation" are not new and do not contribute to an honest and balanced presentation of our present knowledge of fluoridation, hemodialysis, patients with uremia, or the complex and difficult problem of uremic osteodystrophy. Mr. Lear ends the subcaption to his recent article by asking the following question: "Are there implications for people with kidney ailments who drink fluoridated water every day?" Our answer is a clear, emphatic, "No." Fluoridation remains one of the great advances of modern public health.

A Brief Statement in Rebuttal

DR. Fredrick Stare and three Harvard colleagues attribute to me allegations that the use of fluoridated water in artificial kidneys is harmful to patients dependent on these machines for survival. I made no such allegations. I reported the contents of scientific papers read at meetings of four respected medical societies: the American Society for Artificial Internal Organs, the American Society of Nephrology, the Royal Canadian College of Physicians and Surgeons, and the Canadian Society for Clinical Investigation. The conclusions of these papers were unanimous: Fluoridated water should not be used in artificial kidneys until its effects are clarified. Since *SR*'s publication of this conclusion, the United States Public Health Service has issued a statement confirming that water used in artificial kidneys should be deionized—that is, fluoride and other trace elements should be removed.

I have searched the literature for any notice that unfluoridated water used in artificial kidneys in Boston produced effects similar to those produced by fluoridated water used in artificial kidneys in Ottawa. I recall that nine of ten patients studied in Ottawa experienced spontaneous bone fractures; nothing like that frequency has been reported from Boston. Nor does any Boston report show all patients in any study accumulating seven to ten times more free fluoride in their blood and bones than had been present before treatment began—or all suffering severe bone disease with secondary hyperthyroidism, as was observed in Ottawa.

Quite to the contrary, a paper co-signed by two of Dr. Stare's colleagues —Drs. Bernstein and Hampers—and published in *Transactions of the American Society for Artificial Internal Organs* (*14*: 376-384, 1968) includes the following statement:

> Fortunately, in only a relatively small percentage of the chronic uremic population is secondary hyperthyroidism severe enough to produce incapacitating symptomology or to interfere with the management and rehabilitation of the individual.

Dr. Stare and his three colleagues insist that the use of fluoridated water eventually may prove beneficial in strengthening bone, although they concede that definitive proof is lacking. A different statement of the situation was published early this year in *Calcified Tissue Research* (3:1-16, 1969) by J. M. Faccini, of the University College Hospital Medical School in London:

> Consideration should be given to the fact that some effect on calcium metabolism is likely in fluorosis through damage to the kidney. Unfortunately, by the time that renal disease has developed, the systemic effects of fluoride are so widespread that the picture [is] . . . difficult to interpret. . . .
>
> Despite the large volume of research . . . , the effects of fluoride on bone are . . . still not fully understood. . . .
>
> The excretion of fluoride by the kidney exposes this organ to a special risk of damage from its [fluoride's] toxic action. . . .

Elsewhere in the literature on fluoridated water's effects in bodies of older people with chronic kidney disease, I find what I consider ample justification for continuing to ask whether many years of ingestion of fluoridated drinking water may not have consequences in the body parallel to those provoked by use of fluoridated water in artificial kidneys in one to two-and-a-half years. —J. L.

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ANOTHER OPINION ON FLUORIDATION:

We Need More Research

By JOSHUA LEDERBERG

FLUORIDATION of public water supplies is still a contentious issue of public health policy. In relation to the amount of heat generated about it, the possible hazard from fluoridation may be the least important of our public health concerns. Certainly the benefits and risks are far more nearly balanced than they are for such matters as environmental contamination by lead, pesticides, smog, or the health hazards of cigarette smoking.

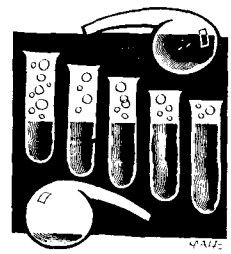
Fluoridation, however, is a positive act of governmental authority on which public grievances can be focused more sharply than is possible for the cumulative modification of the environment by industry or the simple piling up of human wastes.

So much of the fluoridation controversy has sunk beneath rational argument that it is not easy to identify the central issues for social decision. Paranoid attacks on public health officials who support fluoridation may also have made it difficult for them to concede that some issues do still remain to be resolved by further investigation.

My own summary judgment would be to acquiesce in a community decision for fluoridation, with regrets, but accepting the argument that leaving the matter to individual choice would in practice deprive many children of a positive benefit. Informed students of fluoridation are virtually unanimous in judging that adding one part per million (ppm) of fluoride to drinking water reduces dental decay by a substantial percentage.

This is not merely a cosmetic gain, for infected teeth have many serious secondary effects on lifelong health, not to mention their cost in well-being and in out-and-out dollars for dental care. Few simple measures have had such a large-scale social benefit.

There is also a large and well-substantiated body of opinion, but with a few dissenters, that one ppm of fluoride can have no deleterious effect on otherwise healthy people, even over periods of many years. In fact, as pointed out by Dr. Harold C. Hodge, professor of pharmacology at the University of Rochester, in the *Annual Review of Pharmacology*, high fluoride intake may have a beneficial effect in strengthening the bones, particularly of elderly women who are prone to such disabling agonies as fracture of the hip. The most appropriate doses for this important aid are, however, in the realm of medical therapy rather than the water utility.



THE most urgent case against fluoridation is that a small part of the population may not handle fluoride in the normal way. As John Lear has pointed out in *SR*, the most poignant examples are people who have no normal kidney function whatever, and who survive with the help of artificial kidneys. When these are flushed with fluoridated tap water, the body uptake of fluoride is greatly exaggerated and the patients have no further kidney function to dispose of what they get. Many more people may be expected to have partial losses of kidney function and to bear a somewhat comparable risk.

However, public water supplies contain many other substances, either natural or artificial, for which safety standards have also been measured only on the general "healthy" population. For example, chlorine, used to disinfect the water supplies of most large cities, has never been scrutinized closely for possible effects on marginally unhealthy people, nor the common metals for hazards to the already malnourished. Quite apart from fluoride, people with known kidney trouble are only a short way ahead of the rest of us in having to look very critically at many public water supplies today.

The safety and effectiveness of a given level of fluoride are furthermore bound to vary with the presence of other salts in the water supply, especially calcium and magnesium, but this matter has hardly been considered in the published standards for fluoridation. The real problem is our lack of basic knowledge, both about the action of very low doses of fluoride on bone and other cells and about the variety of human reponses in dealing with it.

As long as we remain so ignorant of the fundamentals, we will remain in equal doubt whether to proceed with or hold back such large-scale social experiments as fluoridation, no matter how idealistic our intentions or how attractive the empirical leads that support them.

Sociologists have interpreted adverse voter reaction to fluoridation as the alienation of the powerless: a vote against science expertise, modernization, and the mass society. In my opinion it is also an expression of political philosophy—that the right to dissent is more important than the merit of any particular complaint.

The fluoridation controversy is, then, an unusually simple test case of the conflict between personal liberty and what FDR called, in 1912, "the liberty of the community."

We face many more difficult confrontations of this kind as a by-product of biological discovery, and we ought to be learning better how to handle them. In a democracy, the right answer is not "Let the experts decide."

The most obvious step is, of course, to resolve the argument by more research and better education about its positive conclusions. But there is also a deeper issue: how to soften the conflict between individual and community. This is to say that the enhancement of individual decision should be an important premise of social policy.

THIS principle can often lead to technological evasions of insoluble moral or political conflicts. This is not the place to argue the details of a particular technique, but, to give one alternative, we might offer a third choice to the argument about fluoridation. That would be to add fluoride only in alternate weeks according to a prearranged schedule.

Those of us who see a benefit from or are indifferent to fluoride could ignore the schedule. Those who hold against it could save low-fluoride drinking water (fluoride-free water is a laboratory artifact) for use in "fluoride weeks." I would also advise them against drinking tea, which is a rather rich source of fluoride.

In my opinion, very few people would bother to exercise this option, no matter how they voted, except for a very rare sick person under medical advice. This system would also facilitate research on side effects of extra fluoride on individuals who have a special sensitivity to it, or derive a special advantage from it.

Dr. Lederberg shared the 1958 Nobel Prize for Medicine and Physiology. A professor on the faculty of Stanford University, he writes a weekly science column for the Washington *Post*. The text reproduced here is excerpted from two of his most recent columns, and is used by special permission of Professor Lederberg and the Washington *Post*.

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Presidential Power

Continued from page 19

structural revisions on the international side which would prevent the President from running away with all initiative and decision in the conduct of foreign policy? This is the area which creates the real problem of presidential power. For, as Richard Neustadt has pointed out, acts in domestic policy are generally reversible; they are subject to revision and recall through democratic processes. But acts in foreign policy are often irreversible. President Kennedy used to say that domestic policy can only defeat us; foreign policy can kill us. Moreover, the nuclear age makes this quality of irreversibility more fateful than ever before. And foreign policy decisions very often are made in emergency contexts, real, imagined, or contrived, and this fact encourages the flow of power to the White House. Is it possible through structural reform to secure for Congress, and the people, an authoritative and continuing voice in the basic decisions of war and peace?

The Senate Foreign Relations Committee thought hard about this question and came up, in 1967, with Senate Resolution 187. This resolution declared it as "the sense of the Senate" that American armed forces could not be committed to hostilities on foreign territory for any purpose other than to repel an attack on the United States or to protect American citizens or property without "affirmative action by Congress specifically intended to give rise to such commitment." This or comparable resolutions must surely pass two tests: They must offer a plausible hope that 1) they will not tie the hands of the executive in a case of genuine national emergency; and 2) they will effectively prevent a step-by-step movement from marginal to major involvement.

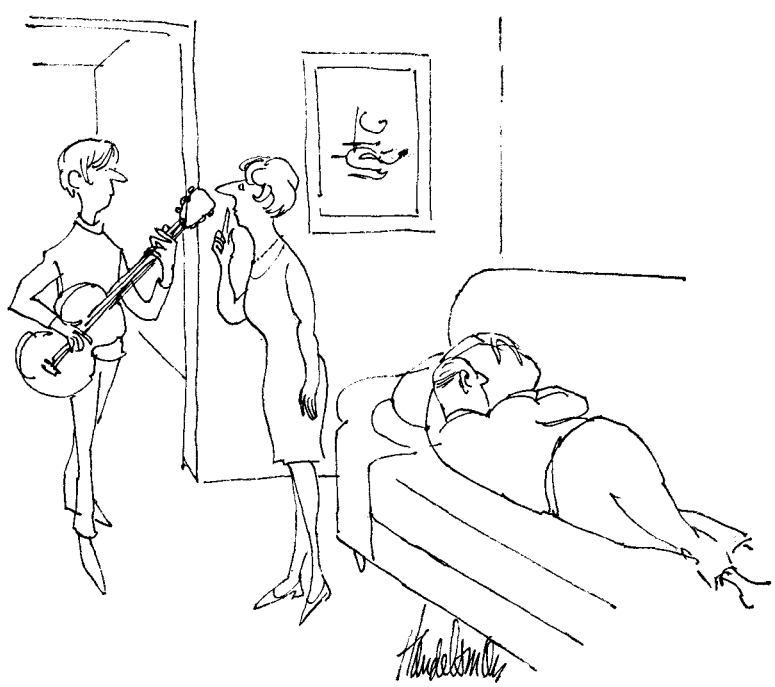
These questions must be considered in specific situations; the answer one fears, is that SR 187 would probably have prevented President Roosevelt from taking his actions in 1941 in defense of American security, but that it would not have prevented President Johnson from pursuing his course of gradual military escalation in Vietnam. The reason for this is that Roosevelt would have found it difficult to put together a congressional majority for his North Atlantic policy, while, as the Gulf of Tonkin example showed, Johnson would have encountered little difficulty in getting congressional endorsement for his Vietnam policy before 1968.

This year, the Committee came up with a broader resolution declaring it the sense of the Senate that "a national commitment by the United States to a foreign power necessarily and exclusively results from affirmative action taken by the executive and legislative branches of the United States Government through means of a treaty, convention, or other legislative instrumentality specifically designed to give effect to such a commitment." On the face of it, this resolution would outlaw executive agreements. The executive agreement, of course, has been an indispensable device of foreign policy since at least the Rush-Bagot agreement of 1817 limiting naval forces on the Great Lakes; the Supreme Court, in decision after decision, has endowed the executive agreement with the same legal force as a treaty. If the principle behind the resolution had prevailed in 1940, Franklin Roosevelt could not have transferred the overage destroyers to Great Britain without seeking congressional approval. He most probably could not have obtained that approval; in any case, the debate would have been angry and protracted, leading to a filibuster as bitter as the one by which the "little group of willful men" blocked Wilson's policy of arming merchant vessels in 1917, and the subsequent history of the world might have been very different.

These examples suggest, I believe, the futility of trying to solve substantive problems by structural means. The probable result of efforts to limit presidential power through institutional contrivance would be to introduce dangerous rigidities into our system of national decision which would stop Presidents from doing good as well as from doing harm, and which would ultimately cause more trouble than benefit.

The solution to the problem of excessive presidential power in foreign affairs lies, I would conclude, in the political and educational realm. The fundamental strength of the Congress in this area springs from its capacity to raise issues and thereby to shape national opinion—a proposition demonstrated in the revolt against the Vietnam policy in 1967-68. Next to the events in Vietnam themselves, the interpretation of these events provided by the dissident Senators under the leadership of Senator Fulbright and the Foreign Relations Committee and transmitted to the electorate was probably the major factor in turning the balance of opinion against the escalation policy.

IN particular, Congress is well placed to assail the myth with which every foreign office seeks to silence critics: that only those who see the top secret cables know enough to make intelligent judgments on questions of foreign policy. As one who has had the opportunity to read such cables at various times in my life, I can testify that 95 per cent of the information essential for intelligent judgment is available to any careful reader of *The New York Times*. Indeed, the American government would have had a much wiser Vietnam policy had it relied more on the *Times*; the estimate of the situation supplied by newspapermen was consistently more accurate than that supplied by the succession of ambassadors and generals in their coded dispatches. Secrecy in diplomatic communication is mostly required to protect negotiating strategies, techniques of intelligence collection, details of weaponry, and gossip about personalities. One does not require full knowledge on such points to assess a political situation. The myth of inside information has always been used to prevent democratic control of foreign



"Daddy is doing his thing."

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policy; if Congress derides that myth, it may embolden others to doubt the infallibility of Presidents and Secretaries of State.

But the responsibility rests even more heavily on the President than on the Congress. A President must, above all, be a man who acts not just because he is sure about the wisdom of a course of action, but because he is responsive to the democratic process. It is not enough for policies to be sound. In all but the most extreme cases, that soundness must be accompanied by explanation and tested by acceptance. The President must act on the principle of self-limitation and live within the discipline of consent. He must understand the legitimacy of challenges to his own authority and wisdom. He must cherish an inner skepticism about the anointment of office, and a constant awareness of what Whitman called "the never-ending audacity of elected persons." He must be especially skeptical about the unique value of information that arrives through official channels, and about self-serving bureaucratic versions of anything. He must be sensitive to the diversity of concern and conviction in a nation; he must be sensitive in advance to the verdict of history; he must always pay "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind."

No structural solutions can guarantee the choice of such Presidents, or can guarantee that, once chosen as open and modest men, they will remain so amid the intoxications of the office. Yet, surely the whole point of democracy is that it is not an automatic system. It involves risks, because risks are the means of growth. Rather than renounce the idea of an affirmative Presidency or surround the President with hampering restrictions, it would seem better to continue to regard presidential leadership as the central instrument of American democracy, and to exercise scrupulous care in the choice of Presidents.

Certainly, it is hard to see how we can unite our tormented nation and bring the alienated groups at last into the national community without a strong Presidency. "The President," James K. Polk said, "represents in the executive department the whole people of the United States, as each member of the legislative department represents portions of them." No one else represents the whole people, and the answer to the crisis of alienation surely does not lie in the weakening of the center and the dispersion of authority to local groups. This would only turn the country over to the strongest interests in each locality—i.e., to the neighborhood bullies—and speed the decomposition of American society. If the President does not serve as the representative of the unrepresented, it is hard to see where the excluded groups will find a connection with American society. One sees no other way of restoring the moral energy of American politics, and of incorporating the grave forebodings and desperate urgencies of our time into the democratic process.

THE answer lies in national leadership —but not in national leadership which gulps up all authority in the conviction of its own infallibility. If we are to develop a genuine sense of national community, it will begin to come only when national leadership gives local groups a full and active sense of participation and initiative within a framework of national purpose. And it will come finally only through the direct commitment of individual Americans — the commitment which will transform the public agonies of America into personal responsibilities.

We must understand the limits as well as the utilities of politics. The American schism today is bitter and angry; the crisis of self-confidence goes very deep. That schism and that crisis will not be resolved by pious exhortation, nor even by beneficial legislation and wise leadership. It will be resolved only by reaching across the barriers in our land which separate some of us from others of us, only by men and women acting in the end not as members of groups but as individuals fulfilling themselves through human relations with other individuals. The volunteers of our time—the young men and women in the Peace Corps and VISTA and civil rights and community action, the tutors in the slums and ghettos, the visitors in the hospitals and asylums, all those who sacrifice their own convenience to help the outcasts of our society achieve strength and dignity—point the way to our salvation. The mission of democracy, said Whitman, is "to train communities, through all their grades, beginning with individuals and ending there again, to rule themselves." And no one should be discouraged by the fear that his own contribution cannot make a difference. Robert F. Kennedy warned in memorable language against "the danger of futility," against "the belief that there is nothing one man or one woman can do against the enormous array of the world's ills—against misery and ignorance, injustice and violence. . . . Few will have the greatness to bend history itself, but each of us can work to change a small portion of events, and in the total of all those acts will be written the history of this generation."

"This obscene phone call is a recording."

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(Continued from page 63)

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PERSONALS

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BOOMING AUSTRALIA wants You! Good jobs. Adventure. Forms and Australian Handbook (1969) describing Australian assisted passage, passport-visa, advantages, opportunities. $1.00. Buckeye, Box 1032CA, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

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OVERSEAS JOBS—Europe, South America, Australia, Far East, etc. 2,000 openings all trades. Construction, Office, Engineering, Sales, etc. $400 to $2,500 month. Expenses paid. Free information. Write Overseas Jobs, International Airport, Box 536-U, Miami, Florida 33148.

COUNSELORS WANTED for Weight Watchers Summer Camp for overweight girls. This is the internationally acclaimed Weight Watchers organization. Camp for overweight teen and sub-teen girls in the beautiful New York State Berkshires at Lake Rhoda. SR Box M-834.

ARTS-SPORTS-TEACHERS for Maine camps. Box 214, Brookline, Massachusetts 02167.

JOBS ABROAD. Year round and summer for young people. Over 15 countries, 9 paying job categories offered. Complete student programs available. For 34 page JOBS ABROAD magazine with applications send $1.00 to: ISTC, Section 2, 866 U.N. Plaza, NYC, N.Y. 10017.

TEACHERS AND ADMINISTRATORS: For over 50 years The Abbott Teachers Agency has specialized in educational placement: Private and Public Schools; Junior-Senior Colleges. Brochure on request. 120 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

HEAD RESIDENTS for sororities in eastern university. For application, write 139 Day Hall, Ithaca, New York 14850.

YOUR GLOBAL ADVENTURE. Largest journal of actual positions for teachers, administrators, students, librarians, scientists, etc. NOT just a list—includes specific U.S. and foreign positions open now. Includes summer jobs. Approved since 1952. RUSH $2.00 for current issue. Yearly membership $6.00. Manual, "Teaching Opportunities in Switzerland," $1.00 or FREE with yearly. Advancement Institute, 171 North 9th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11211.

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EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

(Continued from page 65)

DEALER IN AUTOGRAPH LETTERS and documents seeks personable young woman with initiative as secretary and trainee in field. No steno but require general office skills, excellent electric typing. College graduate preferred. Salary open. 212-RE 4-3902.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government assisted passage. Unlimited opportunities. Latest government information and forms. $1.00. Austco, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—teachers, all subjects and levels; administrators, department heads, housemothers, nurses, etc.; private schools, all states, beginners, experienced; initial details without obligation; confidential. School Service Bureau, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut.

ALIVE: Adult Services librarian. Write Boyd Plumley, Public Library, Jacksonville, Illinois 62650.

COMPANION, live with elderly lady, Pleasantville, New York. Driver's license. Mid-June through mid-September. Duncan, 179 Steuben Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11205.

GAL/GUY FRIDAY. Secretary to director of NYC non-profit agency—focus: war/peace and inner-city issues. Alert self-starter with top skills, dictaphone experience. Call Glen Bibler, American Friends Service Committee. 212-777-4600.

SUMMER-EUROPE. Leaders for student groups—experienced traveling in Europe—teachers preferred. Also assistants—travel experience unnecessary—partial scholarship. Box M-957.

MONTESSORI PRIMARY, junior teachers, AMI, hip. Help build New Town. 2631 Lincoln, Coconut Grove, Florida 33133.

COUNSELORS: College students interested in challenging positions working with disadvantaged boys. Write Bonnie Brae Camp, Millington, New Jersey 07946.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

1780 ORIGINAL throughout, barn, 60 acres. Norwich, Vermont. $25,000. Sargent & Westcott, Box 195, Woodstock, Vermont 05091.

SOUTH ACWORTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE—on old mill pond. Swimming and fishing at door; stream stocked with trout and salmon. House has 7 rooms, 2 baths, furnace, conveniences. $19,500. Write Box 1, Acworth, N.H. 03601.

1760 SALTBOX, barns, stream and 5 acres. Fair condition. Dutchess County, N.Y. near Taconic Parkway. $25,000. 914-946-0261.

For Sale/Rent

50 MILES NYC. Mountain cottage, view, fully equipped, furnished. Summer rental, option buy. Box M-906.

For Rent—Furnished

SECLUDED LAKEFRONT RETREAT New Hampshire mountains. Weekly/monthly. Box M-861.

SOUTHERN FRANCE NEAR AVIGNON—17th century house—all comforts. 5 bedrooms, Bechstein grand. $700 month, summer $2,500. ALSO house on medieval ramparts. 2 bedrooms, terraces, $500 June or August and longer. 913-JE 9-9403. SR Box M-960.

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO. Oceanfront residence available May-October. 2 bedrooms, bath, large living/dining area, kitchen, terrace, pool. Maid service, cook available. $650 monthly. SR Box M-899.

MAMARONECK, N.Y.—Caretaker's cottage, on water, 3 bedrooms, 1½ baths, modern kitchen, furnished antiques, privacy. Convenient shops, schools, transportation. $425 month, year rental with option. June. 914-698-3448.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

BOOTHBAY HARBOR, MAINE. Log Lodge, sleeps 12. Electric kitchen, 2 baths, huge fireplace. Beautiful view. Beach and pool club available. August. $500. Madelyn Meredith, 207-633-4943.

FIRE ISLAND, DAVIS PARK—Looking for group to share on alternate basis lovely house with surrounding sun deck. 2 bedrooms. Sleeps 6. SR Box M-958.

MAINE, KEZAR LAKE—Housekeeping cottages, private, families. $125. Conifer, Lovell, Maine 04051.

PLEASANTVILLE, N.Y.—Charming 6 rooms, screened porch, secluded acre. 5 minutes to village and R.R. June-September. SR Box M-855.

VERMONT. 3 story A-frame triad nestled against lush Glebe Mountain, southern Vermont. Spectacular views. 5 bedrooms, 3 baths. Complete furnishings, equipment. Electric kitchen with dishwasher. Fireplace. Swimming pond. Total seclusion but near shopping, theatre, lake recreation, and uniquely Vermont towns. $150 week. Allen, 5M, 330 East 30th, New York, N.Y. 10016.

ADIRONDACKS—Log cabin in beautiful secluded setting, minutes from Lake Placid. Sleeps 6, all utilities. Mr. Nathan Shine, 116 High Park, Buffalo, New York 14226.

SOUTHERN NOVA SCOTIA. 3 bedroom cottage, fully equipped. Overlooks Tusket River and Islands, and sea. July, August. $275 per month. Children welcome. References required. Box M-873.

COLORADO CABIN, Sangre de Cristo Mountains. 3 bedrooms, modern conveniences. Trails, hiking, fishing. Box M-822.

CHEBEAGUE ISLAND, MAINE. Fireplace, 3 bedrooms, electric conveniences. Golf, sandy beach. July, August. SR Box M-752.

CHICAGO FURNISHED "ESTATE"—trees, rabbits, 25 minutes loop. $300 month. SR Box M-848.

INEXPENSIVE VERMONT. All-electric chalet. Special June/Fall rates. Box M-890.

SAVE 50%. East Hampton, N.Y. house, Sunday evening through Friday. Memorial Day weekend available. Sleeps 5. Completely furnished. Living room, 2 bedrooms, modern kitchen, dining alcove, bath. Large yard. Privacy. One mile to private beach. Pictures available. SR Box M-907.

BROOKLYN HEIGHTS AREA, N.Y. Lovely Victorian townhouse, modern kitchen with dish and clothes washers. Sleeps 4. Garden, quiet street, good transit. July 1st through Labor Day weekend. $550 monthly. Joseph Costa, 231 Court Street. 212-TR 5-1444; 212-UL 5-6256.

VERMONT LOG CABIN, private pond. Conveniences. $100 weekly. $175 biweekly. Box 72, Jamaica, Vermont 05343.

ROCKLAND, 20 miles NYC. Converted 3 room barn, country setting. $450 June-September. 914-356-1997.

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA. Spacious Spanish Colonial home on wooded acre overlooking ocean. Attractively furnished 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, 6 fireplaces, ultramodern kitchen. Private neighborhood beach. Near all golf courses. San Francisco 2 hours. June 1st-August 31st. $700 monthly. 408-624-8397.

WASHINGTON, D.C. AREA. Conveniently located furnished house, June 1st-September 6th. Reasonable for careful tenants. SR Box M-926.

LAKE PEEKSKILL, N.Y.—Lakefront 2 bedroom house. July-August $800 plus utilities. Phone 212-522-1438 evenings.

MOUNTAINS OR SEASHORE—July, New Hampshire, family retreat, excellent facilities, pond, hiking, quiet. August, Old Marblehead, 4 bedroom home near harbor. Box M-923.

VERMONT HOUSE. Exquisite. Green Mountains. Swimming. $150 week. Meyer, 120 East 90th, NYC.

HOUSE WANTED

Furnished

ESTABLISHED ARTIST, relocating East coast, desires large residence or what have you. Lease or option to buy or babysit your place. Prefer close to Manhattan. Need soon. Call Robert Watson, 203-226-3780.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants New Mexico 87020.

EXCHANGE SUMMER comfortable Maine mountain lakeside cottage for similar winter Virgin Islands. 1125 Parkway, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts 02167.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

For Summer Rental

KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE—furnished 2 rooms, bath, outside deck, on water. $100 weekly. SR Box M-816.

CHARMING 2 BEDROOM APARTMENT Piazza Del Popolo, center Rome. Terrace, completely furnished. Available weekly, monthly. Summer rental $120 week. References. SR Box M-802.

APARTMENT WANTED

SR STAFFER'S frenzied need: 3 room rent controlled apartment, NYC, midtown, East side. Box M-201.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

VIRGINIA RETIREMENT or summer home and farm. Secluded plantation house. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, modern kitchen and plumbing, 5 fireplaces, original outbuildings, 208 acres. No neighbors within sight or sound. 22 miles northeast of Charlottesville. $100,000. William Speiden, Somerset, Virginia. Phone 703-672-2596.

MAINE WOODED ACREAGE—$25 per acre and up—old farms— inland shore property—cottages—cabins in the woods—lake frontage—retirement homes—business opportunities. Franklin Realty Co. (Mr. Barrows), Farmington, Maine. Tel: 207-778-2852.

CAMPS

TEENAGE LEADERSHIP TRAINING—Choose from 4 locations: Great Falls, Montana; Louisville, Kentucky; or White Plains, New York, ages 15-18; Puerto Rico, 17-21. 6 weeks in July-August. Public affairs speakers, anti-poverty work, field trips, films, swimming, sports. All racial, religious, economic groups. Staff includes ex-Peace Corpsmen. 24th year; praised by Presidents. Coed, non-profit, nonpartisan. Write Encampment For Citizenship, 2 West 64th Street, New York, N.Y. 10023.

HIKING CAMP—Boys, 10-14. Interested? Write: T. Bean, Randolph, N.H. 03593.

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey 08318.

BAHAMA ISLAND ADVENTURE—Diving, exploring deserted islands, treasure hunting, sailing, etc. Living aboard yacht. Excellent supervision. Coeducational—ages 12 to 20. $125 per week. Write Water World Summer Camp, P.O. Box 2117, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33303.

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CAMPS

TEENAGERS LOVE CAMP SEA-FARI in the Florida Keys. Coed 13-18. Learn scuba diving, snorkeling, navigation, marine biology, archaeology, undersea photography. Sailing, fishing, water skiing, dive for treasure, steer a ship. Supervised and taught by our professional staff. Cruise on Coast Guard approved windjammer to the Bahamas and the Gulf of Mexico. SHORE BASE: luxurious Key Colony Inn. Air-conditioned, fantastic food, private baths. Tennis, golf. Captain Bob Kruse, Director. Brochure. Dept. K, 3935 Blackstone Avenue, Riverdale Station, N.Y. 10471. Tel. 212-543-7900.

OVERWEIGHT BOYS AND GIRLS 8-18. Enjoy a summer of fun while losing weight at the original non-medical slim down camps. Complete sports programs. Re-education in eating habits. Usual weight loss 20-45 lbs. Winter follow-up program. For booklet, write Stanley for girls or Tahoe for boys, Box 701, Hurleyville, New York 12747. Phone 212-947-7749.

SWISS MEADOWS SUMMER CENTER (for the creative arts)—June 29th-August 23rd, coed, ages 7-17. Fleischmanns, N.Y., Catskill Mountains. Art, Music, Drama, Modern Dance, Ballet, Swimming (Pool), Boating, Tennis, etc. Concerts Saratoga Springs, Theatres. Enrollment limited. Clyde Keutzer, Director, 170 West End Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10023. Tel. 212-799-5693. Member A.P.C.

ADVENTURE IN CREATIVITY is a summer residential program for gifted students (aged 14 to 19) who are interested in art, music, theatre, creative writing, film making or dance. The emphasis is on the integration of these art forms. Students choose a major and a minor field for concentration and participate in joint seminars. The program takes place at the CRANBROOK-KINGSWOOD Schools. For information write to Box R, 520 Lone Pine Road, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan 48013.

CAMP CONSULTANTS: Since 1939 we have helped parents in selecting the right Private Camps and Summer Schools. No charge at any time. Visit, telephone or write in detail. The Advisory Service, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10036. 212-PE 6-1660.

TENNIS RANCH—Don Kerbis 120 Acre Tennis Ranch. *Boys and girls 8 to 18. Watervliet, Michigan. Five hours* tennis instruction, supervised play daily. Beginner, intermediate, advanced players. Swimming, activities galore. Write for brochure: Don Kerbis Tennis Ranch, c/o Don Kerbis Tennis Club, 1660 Skokie Valley Road, Highland Park, Illinois 60035.

JUDGMENT RIDGE—Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8-16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding if desired ($65 extra). 20 horses. Swimming, guitar, dulcimer, creative arts, sports, farming, construction. Individualized programs from regular to pioneer, etc. A.C.A. accredited. Under 65 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. No tips. Wright, Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547, 4880.

CAMP BIOTA—Six weeks exciting fun, knowledge. Limited enrollment. Boys 9-14. Natural science. Lake, cabins. Survival, creative crafts, canoeing, fishing, swimming, archery, riflery, riding. A.C.A. Nashville 615-766-2494. Dr. and Mrs. Forrest S. Evans, Joelton, Tennessee 37080.

MIDWEST PRIVATE CAMPS—Free directory of approved camps by American Camping Association, located in midwest states. Write: 1889 Bosworth Lane, Northfield, Illinois 60093.

READING, WRITING AND STUDY SKILLS. Coeducational. Day and boarding. Ages 10 through 17. Excellent language skills instruction plus fine camping and recreational program. Under direction of professors. Full time reading and testing specialists. Catalogue. Summerbrook Camp, Box 110, Solebury, Bucks County, Pennsylvania 18963.

RETIREMENT LIVING

ALL YOUR RETIREMENT NEEDS in one place at the *Crestview Center . . . including the most complete* apartment-type building in the eastern United States. Located in suburban, residential Toledo, Ohio. Good companions, good food, good surroundings, good health care . . . near shopping . . . public transportation. Attractively landscaped, 80 acres, 9-hole golf course, *gardens. Come and go as you please. And now . . .* Lake Park Hospital and Nursing Care Center, providing extensive health care for the convalescent patient. Life lease and monthly fee plans available. For complete information, write Crestview Center, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

VACATIONS

CARIBBEAN ESCAPE! Estate Beth Cruz on Bethany Hill, Cruz Bay, St. John, U.S. Virgin Islands. All units housekeeping with daily cleanup maid service. Bar, dining room, pool, rental cars. Bugfree hideaway with spectacular panoramic view.

BAYFRONT COTTAGES—Spacious grounds, fishing dock. May to December. $75.00 week. Lighthouse Cottages, Clearwater Beach, Florida 33515.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Authentic Victorian hostelry in middle of historic Mystic, 1 mile from famous Mystic Seaport marine restoration. Double $10-$14. E. P. Write or phone.

SEBASTIAN'S ON TORTOLA, British Virgin Islands. 8 room inn on beautiful beach. Informal. Excellent food.

ECUMENICAL RETREAT CENTER for vacation and renewal: time for quiet and study, for people and community, for nature and wilderness exploration. Individuals and families. High mountain location. Ring Lake Ranch, Dubois, Wyoming 82513.

CAPE WINDS BY-THE-SEA. Beautiful inn for 30 adults or groups on Cape Cod. Private ocean beach, patios, all private baths. Colonial atmosphere. Continental breakfast. West Harwich, Massachusetts 02671.

INFORMAL RESORT LIVING on lake in mountain area. Sandy beach, par 3 golf. Woodbound Inn, Box 190, Jaffrey, New Hampshire 03452.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling. Modern cottages (non-housekeeping) for 2 to 6 guests. $16 to $22 per day, per person includes 2 delicious meals. Lower June rates. Open June 14th. D. R. Thompson, Owner-Manager, Menemsha Inn, Menemsha, Massachusetts 02552.

NASSAU, BAHAMAS. Relax in a setting of elegant informality at Cable Beach Manor. Charming 1-2-3 room apartments, each with kitchen, air-conditioning, maid service. On private beach, pool. Write Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

SPRUCEWOLD LODGE AND COTTAGES on Maine coast. Saltwater pools, private ocean beach. Cocktail lounge. Delicious meals. American and Modified American Plans. Folder. Write Robert S. Thornton, Boothbay Harbor, Maine 04538.

WATERFRONT BUNGALOW—New, sleeps 6. Low summer rate $150 weekly. Piet Vanderhoeven, 23 St. Anna Boulevard, Curacao, Netherlands Antilles.

COOL AND CAREFREE by a clear blue lake. Cottages or new chalet units. Meals included. Water skiing, tennis, canoe trips, entertainment, sauna, lobster bakes. Pets allowed. AAA recommended. Write for color folder. Chute Homestead, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO. The Duffys' by the Sea, a tropical guesthouse where convivial people sometimes solve world problems—but more often forget them. Excellent beach. Sympathique bar. Reasonable. Box 12232, *Loiza Station.*

CAMPERS! ROUGH IT (GENTLY), without crowding in campsites. Savor peaceful beauty of wooded island, unspoiled lake, Eastern Ontario. Cottages, $45. Duane *Barnes, Ompah, Ontario.*

JACKSON HOLE—Dude ranch. American Plan. Riding, fishing. Secluded! Flying V Ranch, Box 69, Kelly P.O., Jackson Hole, Wyoming 83011.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn and motel with or without meals. Open to November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Dept. 2, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966.

HEALTHFUL VACATIONING. Reducing, Fasting, Sunbathing, Natural Foods. Moderate rates. Free brochure: SHANGRI-LA, Bonita Springs, Florida 33923-SR.

VACATIONS

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theatre, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For information write Information Bureau, Dept. 15, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

A STONE'S THROW from beaches, harbor and shops. This traditional New England hostelry is noted for excellent fare. Nightly entertainment in cocktail lounge. Harbor House, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554. A Treadway Resort.

DAVID'S FOLLY. *Country living on Maine Coast.* Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

WESTERN ADVENTURE on authentic ranch. Fun for all ages. Operating stock ranch 50 miles north of Yellowstone Park. Riding, fishing, pack trips. All ranch activities. Paul Christensen, 63 Ranch, Box R676, Livingston, Montana 59047.

SUPERB MAINE SEASIDE RESORT under two hours' drive from Boston. Excellent cuisine, cocktails. Private pool. Theatre, art colony nearby. The Lookout, Box 2, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

FLORIDA WITHOUT AGORAPHOBIA. Family efficiencies . . . Atlantic beach, pool, all amenities . . . near Palm Beach yet secluded. Ocean Terrace Motel, Juno Beach, 33403.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the *Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood* folders, yes.

VACATION. Cliff House and Motels. Spectacular location atop Bald Head Cliff. Quiet, informal. Dining Room. Cocktails. Heated Pool. Golf. May into October. Ogunquit 5, Maine 03907.

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, only *one hour by air from New York or Boston.* White sand beaches, warm water swimming, golf, exceptional boating facilities, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 25D Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

LAKE MICHIGAN/UNHURRIED FAMILY VACATION 40 acre wooded estate. Untamed sand beach. Children's program. Tennis, pools, bicycles. Barn theatre, concerts, film festival. Resident artist. Sleepy Hollow, North Shore *Drive, South Haven, Michigan* 49090.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND. Escape to island pleasure for charm, beauty and friendliness. Lovely old harbor towns, breathtaking scenery, cameo beaches, whispering ocean, towering cliffs, amiable living, all sports. Hotels, cottages, efficiencies, motels, guest houses. Tell us your needs, arrival, length of stay. Martha's Vineyard Information, Vineyard Haven 4, Massachusetts 02568.

CRUISE MAINE. Enjoy grandeur and first class comforts —congenial, carefree, casual cruising amidst coastal islands aboard "SEA OTTER." 6 days from $225. 12-20 passengers. Also Intracoastal and Florida winter cruising. For folder, write Capt. Jim Nisbet, Vagabond Cruises, Box 617K, Camden, Maine 04843. Tel. 207-236-2938.

WHITNEY'S . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Box R, Jackson, New Hampshire 03846.

FLY IN to picturesque mountain lodge and motel with 1,750-foot airstrip adjoining. Excellent meals, cocktails. Swimming pool, golf. Sky Lodge, Moose River, Maine.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 67)

PUERTO RICO Beach House—3 bedrooms, Costa Azul at Luquillo. Convenient to San Juan, Rain Forest, Fajardo Peninsula. For rent weekly. Edward Pinney, 610 West End Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10024.

BLUE HILL INN. Small, quiet, comfortable. Established 1840. Blue Hill, Maine 04614.

HOUSEBOAT HOLIDAYS. Explore Rideau Lakes, Kingston to Ottawa. Safari Marina, Rideau Ferry, Ontario.

THE HERMITAGE—Secluded, small country inn, a connoisseur's delight. Folder. Wilmington 5, Vermont 05363.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

WINDJAMMER VACATION—week aboard auxiliary schooner, "Richard Robbins." Maine bays and islands. Brochure. Capt. George Allen, Blue Hill, Maine 04614.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE, Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut, 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

SERENE OUTER ISLAND, quiet fourteen-guest inn. Private baths, gas heat. The Golden Gull, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. 28771. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Small, secluded, informal. American Plan. Late May through October. Brochure.

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private Gulf beach.

SWAN'S ISLAND, MAINE. Joyce's Cabins. Quaint lobster village. Write, call 207-526-2794.

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys, immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, tennis, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle, Islamorada. Phone 305-664-2811.

CASUAL PLACE FOR PARTICULAR PEOPLE—Boulders on Lake Waramaug, Berkshire Hills' largest natural lake. Country inn and cottages. New Preston, Connecticut 06777.

AUTHENTIC TYROLEAN VILLAGE in White Mountains. New $800,000 Alpine Inn, Motel, Family Chalet accommodations. Heated pool. Free golf nearby. Fishing, tennis, dancing. Dining rooms, cocktail lounges. Open year 'round. Mittersill Alpine Inn, Franconia, N.H. 03580. A Treadway Resort.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

GASCON RANCH, Rociada, New Mexico. Southwestern hospitality midst Alpine surroundings.

BOOTHBAY HARBOR. Charming seacoast inn and motel on ocean. Informal. Modern. Modified American, European Plans. Seafood, lobsters featured. Cocktails. Scenic boat trips. Motel mid-May to late October. Inn late June-September. Ocean Point Inn, Box A10, Ocean Point, Maine 04557.

SALT BOXES ON CAPE COD. Large, private, sandy, saltwater beach. Dock, boats. Sailing, fishing. Excellent golf and tennis nearby. Modern design cottages on Bass River in quiet pine woods—each with kitchenette and fireplace. Duplexes and separate cottages for 2 to 6 persons. Maid service. $7 to $12 per person per day. Convenient to all Cape activities, stores, restaurants. For brochure, write: Lilian S. Kenrich, South Yarmouth, Massachusetts. Phone 617-398-2821.

VACATIONS

ERUDITE CLIENTELE, children's haven, informal family vacations. Lake Shore Farm, Northwood, N.H. 03261.

FARM/RANCH VACATIONS—Families, children, adults. U.S./Canada. $1.95 Guidebook or FREE BROCHURE: Vacations, Box 11, 36 East 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

SEASHORE RESORT—one of the world's greatest. On picturesque, landscaped acres. 18 hole championship golf course. Heated swimming pools. Championship tennis. May through October. Write The Wentworth, Dept. 23, Portsmouth, N.H. 03801.

GRACIOUS LIVING in beautiful seacoast village. Fine food. Entertainment. Own boat. Auto trips. $14.50-$18.00 daily includes 3 meals. Unlimited golf $10.00 weekly. Folder. Direct bus service from New York. David R. Bell, Whitehall Inn, Camden, Maine 04843.

THORN HILL LODGE. Charming country inn on quiet road overlooking scenic mountain resort village. Swimming pool, lawn sports. $70 up weekly including all meals. D. Darville, Jackson, N.H. 03846.

CARIBBEAN ESCAPE, San Juan, Puerto Rico. Put yourself in our hands for relaxation and rejuvenation. Oceanfront spa and freshwater pool. Supervised exercise and beauty care program. Resident dietician. Vacancies available from May 15th. Brochure. SR Box M-900.

HISTORY COMES ALIVE . . . during one of our Heritage Weeks! Tour historic sites including: Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Ft. Ann, others! Visit unequalled Shelburne Museum, scenic Lake Champlain. Stay at charming village Inn, air conditioned and cooled. Superb food, beverages. All-inclusive 7 days fee from $169 (double), $199 (single), includes guides, gratuities, taxes. No car needed. Call 802-247-5766 or write BRANDON INN, Box 205, on the Ethan Allen Highway, Brandon, Vermont 05733.

ECHO VALLEY RANCH—Secluded housekeeping cabins near Mount Rushmore. Keystone, South Dakota 57751.

WILEY INN—PERU, VERMONT. Box S-05152. Relaxing country Inn on 22 acres. Heated Pool. Brochure available. 802-824-6600.

WAGONS HO—COVERED WAGON VACATIONS succeeded in attracting and pleasing the SR crowd without really trying. Now we're trying for more of you. Live the pioneer life on an authentic wagon train. Ride saddle horse, wagon, stagecoach along 60 miles of an original prairie trail. Experience varied scenery, campfire programs, solitude or camaraderie, fossil hunting, Indian raids, nights with rain pattering on canvas of your wagon, pleasant weather of low humidity, fun. Everything provided for trips of 1 to 6 days. Exceptional, high caliber crew. Owners operate. Top references from across the U.S.A., from many walks of life. Remarkable repeat and referral rate. This entrancing experience of being transported back into history takes place out of sight and sound of modern life—yet only a few miles from Interstate 70, between Kansas City and Denver. Saturday Review comes to Wagons Ho—why not you? Write Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hefner, Box 146SR, Quinter, Kansas 67752. Telephone 913-754-3347.

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TRAVEL

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1830

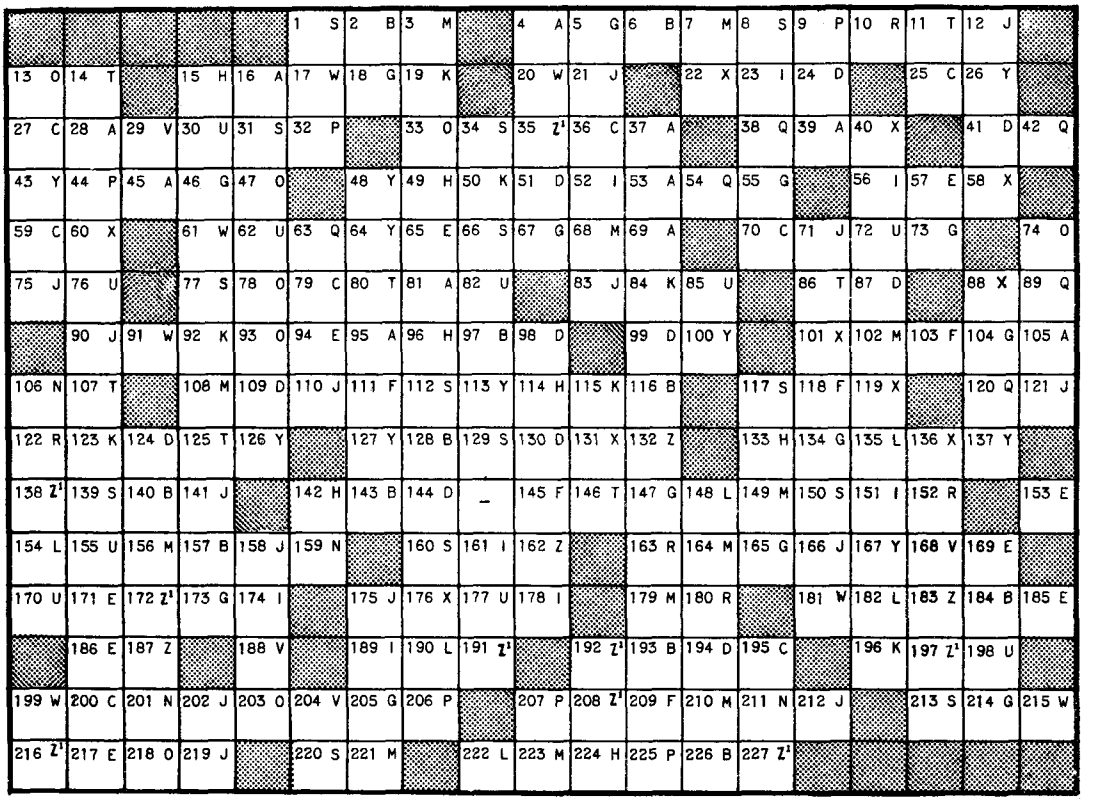
Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Uneasiness.	4 28 37 16 39 45 53 69 81 95 105
B. "——— Maximillian", by Manet (2 wds.)	97 116 128 140 143 157 184 193 226 2 6
C. Dutch painter (1872-1944), a leader of the neoplasticists.	195 200 25 27 36 59 70 79
D. French painter (1840-1916; "Les Yeux clos"; full name).	87 98 99 124 130 144 194 109 24 41 51
E. Of the ocean.	57 65 153 169 171 185 186 217 94
F. Irish patriot (1740-1803) who "tuk me by the hand" in *The Wearing of the Green.*	103 111 118 145 209
G. What one might do on being asked a pointed question (3 wds.)	214 205 18 46 67 104 134 147 5 55 73 165 173
H. He painted *Stag at Sharkey's.*	224 15 49 96 114 133 142
I. Spanish statesman; prime minister, 1743-54.	151 161 174 178 189 23 52 56
J. Whistler painting now in the Nat. Gall., Washington (3 wds.)	110 121 158 175 212 219 83 141 202 12 21 71 75 90 166
K. Aromatic Turkish tobacco.	19 50 196 84 92 115 123
L. Wild ass; catapult.	135 148 154 182 190 222
M. 4 wds. after the: What Carrick mistook for fame, said Goldsmith ("Retaliation").	164 179 210 221 3 7 102 108 223 68 149 156
N. Jacob's twin.	159 201 106 211
O. Group of American painters comprising Davies, Henri, Luks, et al (2 wds.)	13 33 47 78 93 218 74 203
P. Ousts.	206 207 225 9 32 44
Q. Snub.	54 89 38 42 63 120
R. American poet who became a Fascist.	180 163 10 122 152
S. Painting by Wood (2 wds.)	160 213 34 66 8 112 117 129 77 220 1 150 139 31
T. French painter (1883-1955) specialist in Montmartre street scenes.	107 86 146 80 125 11 14
U. Portraits, perhaps.	155 62 177 30 170 198 76 82 72 85
V. Jeanne Eagles starred in it in 1922.	29 188 204 168
W. Hairpin, for instance (comp.)	17 215 20 181 199 91 61
X. Ranges on a radio dial.	88 176 60 119 101 131 58 40 22 136
Y. Barefaced audacity, gall.	137 48 64 113 26 100 43 167 127 126
Z. Aromatic Himalayan plant, source of an ointment.	187 183 132 162
Z¹. They often bask on the ocean's surface and they're harpooned commercially.	216 191 208 138 172 192 35 227 197

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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ANNOUNCING THE

Saturday Review

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Contest

Two Grand Prizes

Color winner:

Round-Trip to Tokyo

Black-and-white winner:

Round-Trip to Dublin

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 3, 1970, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 3rd issue.

The winning pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norman Cousins—Editor, *Saturday Review*.

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America.

Erich Hartmann—Photographer and visual design consultant for major corporations.

Grace M. Mayer—Curator, Edward J. Steichen Archive, Department of Photography, The Museum of Modern Art.

Margaret R. Weiss—Photography Editor, *Saturday Review*.

The important thing is to read the complete rules and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is September 15, 1969

Contest Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and The McCall Publishing Co., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after May 30, 1968, in a locale visited on a vacation or business trip away from home.

3. Black-and-white photographs
   a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8x10 unmounted.
   b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.
   c. Developing and printing may be done by a photofinisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.
   d. No negatives should be submitted.
   e. No black-and-white prints will be returned.

4. Color photographs
   a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparency *OR* print. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.
   b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.
   c. Color prints must be no larger than 8x10 and unmounted.
   d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.
   e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.
   f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned only if accompanied by return postage: a minimum of 12 cents, in stamps or coin. **Do not send self-addressed envelopes.**

5. *Saturday Review* assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than one black-and-white **or** one color picture to this magazine's World Travel Photo Contest. All entries must be postmarked no later than September 15, 1969, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: No more than one picture may be submitted by any one entrant.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of Saturday Review, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 3, 1970. Saturday Review retains first publication rights on winning pictures and the right to use them for promotional purposes.

DEADLINE SEPTEMBER 15, 1969 *Saturday Review* 380 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

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